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MISCELLANEOUS
POETRY.



MISCELLANEOUS

POETRY.

BY

THOMAS DALLING BARLEÉ, Esq.

“ 'Tis not enough the measur'd feet to close ;
“ Nor will you give a Poet's name to those
“ Whose humble verse, like mine, approaches prose.”

PUBLISHED BY E. COLLINGS, SAVILLE-ROW, BATH ;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1837.

PRINTED BY J. AND J. KEENE, KINGSMEAD-STREET, BATH.

PR
4063
B249 A17

PREFACE.

WHEN I observe, among the numerous Subscribers to this work, some who are distinguished for first-rate talents and acquirements, and many who can appreciate the beauties of genuine Poetry—though I should be sorry to express what I did not feel, or to clothe conceit in the language of humility—I cannot but regret that what I now offer to my Readers is not of a more elevated character. Had I to prepare a book for my subscribers, instead of procuring subscribers for my book, this would not have been published; it was composed chiefly in hours of ill health, merely for my own amusement; and not being intended for publication, neither fame nor profit was the object of it. When unexpected encouragement induced

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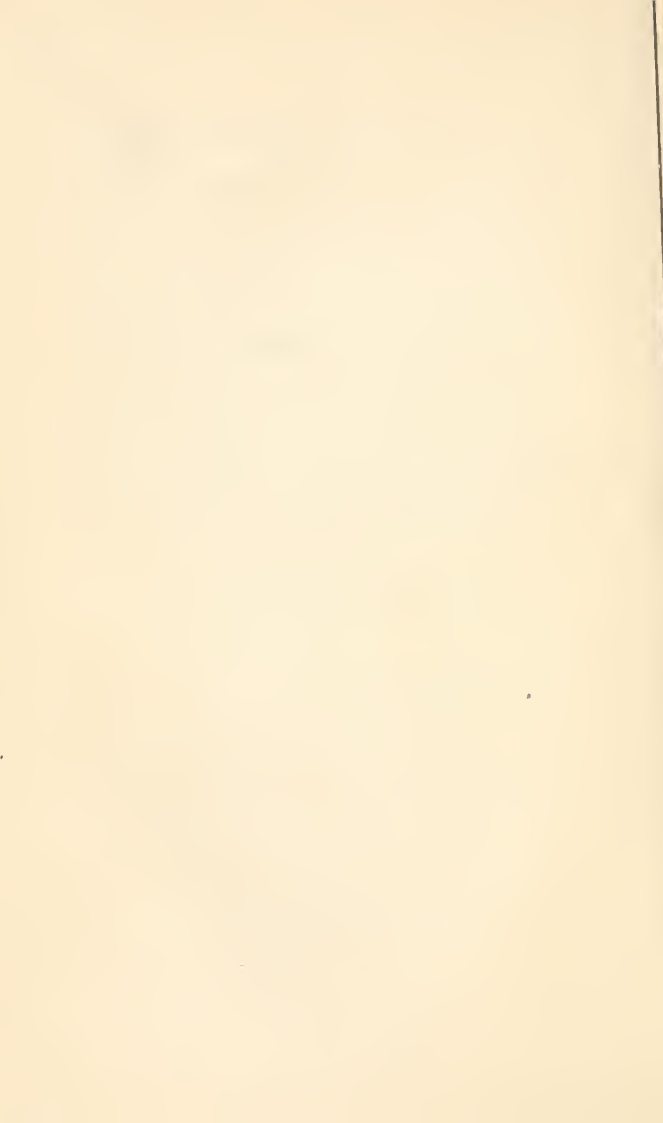
me to select from my manuscripts the following Poems for a book, I requested subscriptions from my Friends to aid me in publishing it; but certainly I had no idea of having so large and respectable a list. The very gratifying letters I have had from many of them, on this occasion, have more than remunerated me for all my trouble; and for the kind exertions which they and many of their acquaintances have made on my behalf, I offer my sincerest thanks. Aware that most of them have subscribed to my book rather from kindness to the Author than from any great pleasure expected from his work, I may reasonably hope it will be read more with the partiality of friendship than with the severity of criticism; and though it has neither the lofty imaginings of inspired genius, nor the cultivated gleanings of a literary mind, and has much in it too light for the serious, and more too gloomy for the gay, I trust each of my Readers will find here some amuse-

ment to reward him for his kindness in purchasing my Poems, and for the time he may devote in reading them.

Before I conclude this Preface, I wish, publicly, to acknowledge the great liberality I have experienced from Mr. JAMES KEENE, who, seeing my inclination to publish, and knowing my circumstances would not justify a loss, agreed to divide the risk of publication, leaving to me the entire profits.

THOMAS DALLING BARLEÉ.

36, *Daniel-Street, Bath.*



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POEMS,

8c.

LINES DESCRIPTIVE OF SCENERY AT DAWLISH.

1.

HERE, while I gaze on Luscombe's peaceful vale,
'Mid Nature's smiles, I feel a Poet's glow;
The birds are warbling in the stilly dale,
As if to teach these tuneful thoughts to flow.

2.

The Daw,* while gliding smoothly to the sea,
Like a land captive creeping through the plain,
Loathing its narrow confines, seems to me
Stealing for freedom to the boundless main.

* A very narrow stream which runs through the beautiful Vale of Luscombe, and through the Lawn at Dawlish, which takes its name from the stream.

3.

The fleeting shades o'er Hauldon's heathy hill,
The skylark soaring with unearthly glee,
The church-bell tolling, when all else is still,
Speak each a language which has charms for me.

4.

I love to gaze upon the moon's soft light,
O'er silv'ring Babbicombe's romantic bay;
To watch the ocean in the arms of night,
Or view it wid'ning with the op'ning day.

5.

While on the beach, I mark a flowing wave
Casting some treasure near the pebbled shore,
And then receding, taking what it gave,
Which the next wave ingulfs to rise no more,

6.

I think of hopes, which Fortune's treach'rous smile
Flung, while it bless'd me, in my luckless way,
And of her frowns, which in a little while
Came, like a curse, and dash'd those hopes away.

7.

But when I see how firmly yon lone rock
Hurls from its sides the billows as they roll,
I think the storms of Fate should never shock,
But only try, and leave unmov'd the soul.

8.

Oh! for a cottage, in some calm retreat—
Some blest seclusion from a world of strife,
With love to make seclusion doubly sweet,
And cheer my path amid the gloom of life!

9.

Some tranquil spot, where Nature, smiling round,
Bursts out with joy, like Phœbus, o'er the hills;
There with content, 'mid peaceful pleasures found,
I'd prize life's joys, or soothe its saddest ills.—

10.

But Fate denies me such a wish'd for spot,
With love to hallow it, and there to dwell,
Where, the world's anxious, vain pursuits forgot,
I'd bid its fev'rish pleasures too farewell.

11.

For who, that meditates on Nature long,
And reads the truths her glorious works impart,
But turns, with pity, from the heedless throng,
And pants for pleasures which improve the heart.

12.

Fate, which for me a calmless course decreed,
'Mid angry passions bids me seek for gain,
Chains me to desks,* a lonely life to lead,
And bids me fatten on the cares of men.

13.

But Time is transient, like our fleeting dreams,
Which, passing onward, soon we see no more;
And life's sad, bustling day, which closing, seems
Calmly entomb'd, is then but darken'd o'er.

14.

For as the sun, which softly sinks with day,
Mounts with the morn, as if it loath'd the night,
"The soul will burst from its encumb'ring clay,"
And spring to liberty, and life, and light.

* At the time these lines were written the Author was a Bachelor practising the Law.

ALL MAY FIND HAPPINESS!

1.

OH HAPPINESS! that envied good,
Although most sought, least understood,
Where dost thou dwell?
Dost thou o'er Courts and Kings preside,
Or in some lowly cot abide,—
Or hermit's cell?

2.

Where shall we turn our longing eyes,
To see that universal prize,
We all pursue?
Which often, like a meteor ray,
Bewilders, and then fades away,
Like Hope, from view.

3.

While thus thou art our “being’s aim,”
Thou surely art not but a name,
To cheat the mind;
For God would ne’er so widely plant
A wish for what he would not grant
To all mankind.

4.

Who gives the hunger, gives the food!
And Happiness, our truest good,
He offers each:
He spreads the heav’nly banquet round;
How all alike may there be found
Himself doth teach.

5.

Give me thine heart, is God’s request
To man, who might be fully bless’d
Would he comply;
Then ev’ry tumult of the mind—
The conflicts, doubts, and cares we find—
Would quickly fly.

6.

Peace, like a dove, would nestle there,
No vulture feeling then would share
 The soul at rest;
For ev'ry thought would heavenward tend,
And heaven itself would then descend
 To make man bless'd.

7.

But man gives Mammon all his heart,
Or gives to God the smaller part;
 And thus we miss
That Happiness we all might find;—
Thus, reaping evils not design'd,
 Man knows not Bliss.

THE FOLLOWING

ODE TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,

Was intended for the Royal Eisteddfodd, held at Cardiff, in August, 1834; but by the forgetfulness of a Friend, the Poem was delivered to the Committee too late for admission. It has since, however, been conveyed to the Duchess of Kent, who gave it “a most gracious reception.”

1.

ALTHOUGH to me no lofty strains belong,
Nor classic numbers grace my daring song,
Albion's proud Hope inspires me thus to sing,
But Fancy fir'd, still soars on trembling wing.

2.

While yet unsullied is thy tranquil soul,
And youth is free from sorrow's dire controul;
While inborn greatness, unalloy'd by art,
And purest feelings fill thy gentle heart;

3.

Fain would I bid thy future years to flow,
Like summer waves, when light-wing'd zephyrs
 blow;
Life's wid'ning prospects, all unclouded seem,
And glide before thee like a peaceful dream.

4.

But greatly born, and nurtur'd for the State,
To sway a kingdom thro' impending fate,
Thy course is shap'd where glitt'ring danger sports,
Amid the grandeur and the cares of Courts.

5.

Then seek, fair Princess, in thy favour'd youth,
God's aid to bless thee in the paths of truth,—
To store with wisdom thy expanding mind,
To serve thy country, and befriend mankind.

6.

From Him all power descends! 'tis His alone
To fix a Monarch on his trembling throne;
To save a nation from a tyrant's hate,
Bid Faction cease, and calm the storms of State.

7.

Power is a sacred trust! bestow'd on man
To lead him onward in the godlike plan;
To rule with Justice, "raise up them that fall,"
Spread gladness round, and mercy shew to all.

8.

Thy Country's Hope! Oh, hear thy country's
prayer!

And make her glory and her good thy care;
Befriend her Arts, uphold her matchless Laws,
And, free thyself, be bold in Freedom's cause.

9.

So, more exalted by thy deeds than birth,
Fame shall resound them thro' the spacious earth;
Immortal Bards shall chant the glorious strain,
And all good Monarchs emulate thy reign.

10.

Then may thy favour'd subjects nobly feel
The inspiration of thy patriot zeal;
Discord be banish'd ere, with flaming brand,
Like Simoom's blast, it desolate the land.

11.

Union, the inward glory of a State,
The firmest bulwark against outward hate,
Like a deep vein of rich and spreading ore,
The more it widens proves its worth the more.

12.

England, proud speck upon a boundless sea,
True to herself; thus bless'd, so lov'd by thee;
In peace would prosper, and, in war's alarms,
Would fearless guard thee from a world in arms.

13.

Then seek, fair Princess, in thy favour'd youth,
To serve thy country and thy God with truth;
Let deeds of worth lead on thy brilliant way,
As streams of light foretell the blaze of day.

14.

Thus will thy soul, thro' all life's changing scene,
Should storms arise, be found, as now, serene;
Calmly at last thou'lt lay thy sceptre down,
And leave an earthly for a heav'nly crown.



AN ENIGMA.



I CAME in a whirlwind, took flight in a storm,
And a beautiful rainbow has shewn you my form;
Encircled in glory, I reign'd in great power,
Till grasp'd by a tyrant, I died in an hour.

Soon laid in the grave, where all mortals must be,
With rapture I rose, and then rang'd with the free;
In ether I roam'd among spirits, and there,
Like the warbles of echo, I floated in air;
But, soon metamorphos'd, I fell in a shower,
And then, like a dew-drop, I hung on a flower,
Till gather'd by Grief, I was seen in a tear
To fall, like a leaf, at the close of the year.
Soon chang'd in my nature, (for nothing is lost,)
I sank in the waters wherein I was toss'd,
There found in an oyster, enclos'd in a pearl,
I was set in the brooch of a beautiful girl.
By her I was sought, for she knew, without me,
Her lover—all love—but no lover would be;
But I wore out her liking, so fickle the fair;
And I, put away, was soon found in despair.
Tho' thus in the waters I once had my birth,
Henceforth I shall dwell in the centre of earth;
For indeed without me saddest ills would betide—
Like the waters of Egypt, the earth would divide:

The elements all, like a spark, would expire,
There would neither be water, earth, air, nor fire;
Each sinner might look for his end with much fear,
Each quaker would quake—all the stars disappear;
E'en friendship—great blessing!—would die with-
out me,

And the friends, most religious, all fiends would
soon be.

I'm the prop of the righteous, the end of all prayer,
Am always with priests, yet I live in despair,
For tho' not in sins, I in errors abound,
And as often in terrible terror am found.

Thus conscience makes cowards, 'twill plainly
appear,

Who, like me, are in wrong, must, like me, be in
fear.

But henceforth with virtue and truth I will dwell,
Their paths are all peaceful, their joys who can tell?
Yes, with truth I will dwell!—'tis the pearl of
great worth,

A heavenly guide through the darkness of earth;

Then calmly, at last, I shall end this career,
With rapture to rise, and in glory appear.*

* The above having appeared in *Keenes' Bath Journal*, of Feb. 4, 1835, in the next number of the Journal appeared the following reply:—

“THE LETTER R.

WE don't like this *R*, and for ever shall scout it,
For roguery never would flourish without it;
We are lovers of peace, and how can we feel quiet
When this knave is the first in a row or a riot?—
Running into all scrapes, and through fire and water,
Nor confined to one place, but in every quarter;
A strange paradoxical elf, we declare,
That shies at a couple, but clings to a pair.
Though at first in the right, still is found in the wrong;
And, though harmony breathes it, still dies in the song;
Three-fifths of the error which poisons our youth;
Yet boasts of a formal acquaintance with truth:
Still not fond of boasting, yet given to brag;
And, though proud of a dress, finds content in a rag.
It sticks to our ribs, and it hangs by our hair,
And brings with it trouble, and torment, and care;
Stands thick in our sorrows, and floats in our tears;
Never leads us to hope, but returns with our fears.
To the worst of our passions is ever allied
Grief, Anger, and Hatred, Rage, Terror, and Pride.
In short, it's become such a regular bore,
That we never look out, but it stands at the door;
Yet still notwithstanding the rogue we might spare,
If he had the politeness to keep from the fair.

SAM SLY.”

“THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.”

1.

EXPECT not in the glitt'ring crowd,
Among the vicious, vain, or proud,
Or wheresoe'er you roam,
The blessings which from Friendship flow;
But all those blessings would you know,
Oh! seek for them at home.

2-

The heart, amid the proud and gay,
May, for awhile, be snatch'd away
From thoughts which wound the mind;
But when alone it's left once more,
The heart, more tortur'd than before,
No sympathy can find.

3.

Such worldly friendship soon, alas !
 If press'd, would prove like brittle glass,—
 'Twould snap, and leave a smart ;
 While Home will prove what friendship ought,
 More true, more dear, the more 'tis sought,—
 'Twill satisfy the heart.

4.

But no one, in a world like this,
 Can find unmingled lasting bliss ;
 To some much grief is given :
 Then all the tend'rest ties on earth
 Seem cluster'd round our home and hearth
 To smooth the way to heaven.

5.

Oh, leave not long that hallow'd spot,
 Where all your griefs (if not forgot)
 May fondly find a balm ;
 Where Love's endearing ties beguile,
 And yield, through life, its sweetest smile
 Each passing storm to calm !

*Written at the request of the Author of "THE
HONEY BEE," for his Apiary at his beautiful
residence, called Trypenhade Cottage, Carmar-
thenshire.*

A BEE-HOUSE, built amidst the trees and flowers
In scenes all friendly to each calm pursuit,
Imparts, in many an hour, a lively charm
For who, that is of sympathy possess'd,
And has a mind attun'd to harmony,
But loves to hear the cheerful hum of bees,
And catches pleasure from such scenes of joy?

Had I to name the insect of most use,—
That yields most pleasure to the cultur'd mind,
And, by its wond'rous works—all wrought with
ease—
To truest wisdom guides our wandering thoughts,
I'd name that miracle—the Honey Bee.

Here, amidst thousands of that insect tribe,—
Where each seems busy for the good of all,
And social compact leads to general joy,—
I gaze with wonder while I watch their works,
And wish mankind would imitate their ways.

Each has a useful and a full employ ;
No want of union thwarts their common plan,—
No imperfection mars its rich results ;
The work of each seems trifling by itself,
(So moments spread out to eternity !)
But, in the mass, how wonderful the work !
What heaps of wealth from small beginnings rise !
The smallest effort is not made in vain :
Where each is useful, all are well supplied ;
Where all are patriots, none are known to want.
But who, alas ! can properly point out
The various lessons man may learn from bees ?
What pen can hope to accurately tell
The curious workings of this busy tribe,

Above all reason, and beyond all art?
By instinct taught, their industry is ease,
Their labour pleasure, and their life all joy.

ON READING COWPER'S POEMS.

1.

I PASS'D in idleness my youthful days,
The Muse's friendship never made my care,
Else would I sing a favourite poet's praise,
And breathe his virtues with poetic air.

2.

Whene'er I read his tuneful, soothing lines,
Like distant bells, they calm my cares to rest;
His ev'ry thought with purest virtue shines,
And is with mild humility express'd.

3.

Poet of nature!—friend to God and man!—

How can I shew his pure and matchless mind?
The wise Creator in his works we scan,
So Cowper's self in Cowper's works you'll find.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

“And who can grieve too much? What time shall end
Our mourning for so dear a friend?”—CREECH.

1.

A REAL friend is hard to gain;
A trifle oft may lose one;
Be cautious how you make a friend,—
More cautious how you use one.

2.

Friendship, with pleasures, cares will bring,

But, should it ever leave you,

Its pleasures all may disappear,

Its cares remain to grieve you.

3.

'Tis like a tender hothouse plant,

Most difficult to rear ;

And, should you live to see it die,

Can scarce repay your care.

4.

A friend, if lasting, sweetens life ;

Be cautious how you use him ;

You'll wish you ne'er had had a friend,

If, by your fault, you lose him.

TO MY KIND FRIEND,
MRS. INGHAM,

Of Knowle House, Mirfield, Yorkshire.

You will not wonder if you just review
The kind attention I've received from you,
That I, to poetry so much inclin'd,
Should pour my thoughts thus from my musing
mind;

And, ere I take my farewell leave, rehearse
My warm acknowledgments to you in verse.

And if, like Orpheus, I could touch the lyre;
Or fam'd Apollo would my song inspire;
Or I, like Cowper, could my thoughts recite;
Or in smooth numbers could, like Thompson, write,

My warmest thanks in tuneful lines should flow,
And tell the gratitude to you I owe.

As some poor bark, on angry billows toss'd,
Cast from its moorings, and its anchor lost,
Is hurl'd from port to some far distant shore,
Where friends it finds, and tempests rage no more ;
So, sailing onward thro' life's stormy way,
With disposition that seems wont to stray,
And leaving home on Fortune's shifting gale,
I came to Mirfield's hospitable Vale.

Two years—alas ! how fast time flies along !
Like rapid currents, ever flowing on—
Have pass'd away, since Fate's firm-fix'd decree
First sent me here—a stranger quite to thee ;
But Memory long, with pleasing pain, will view
Those happy hours I here have pass'd with you ;—
Those fleeting joys, which seem'd, like dreams of
 bliss,
Too great to last in such a world as this,

Where sorrow seeks us, gloomy mortals say,
Where'er, with Fate, our wand'ring footsteps stray.
But, tho' in this sad vale of tears, we know
No pure, unsullied, lasting blessings flow,
I'll ne'er believe that nought but care is hurl'd
Into this wond'rous, tempting, sinful world ;
For, since I came a stranger here to you,
I've met, with sorrow, heartfelt pleasures too.

'Twas gravely said—perhaps, by whom, you
know—

That, since old Adam stuff'd the world with woe,
Nothing but selfishness—no friend around
On this terrestrial globe is ever found.
Should this again be urg'd when I am near,
After the late experience I've had here,—
The hospitality receiv'd from you,
Your brother's friendship—others' kindness too,—
The pompous dictum I would quick deny,
And give the sage a gentlemanlike lie ;

And then, if ask'd to prove his words untrue,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

When I am gone, and Mirfield's far away,
I oft shall think, where'er I chance to stray,
With what delight I've climb'd its lofty hills,
Where, rolling downwards, gush'd the murm'ring
rills ;

With what delight I've gaz'd at Nature there,
And seen her smiling most serenely fair ;
Have o'er the prospect cast a joyous eye,
Or gaz'd with wonder at the streaky sky ;
Have seen the Calder wide meandering flow,
And cattle graze along the vale below ;
Have trac'd the river, by its oozy bed,
Where distant Dewsb'ry rears its ancient head ;
Or o'er the wid'ning landscape stretch'd my eye,
Where far-seen Horb'ry lifts its spire on high,
To where, enrob'd in charms, which shone serene
In gay luxuriance, Kirklee's Hall was seen.

But, tho' I name them, I cannot describe
The joyous prospects I shall leave behind,
For I have neither Pope's nor Goldsmith's art,
With pleasing poetry, to charm the heart ;—
To give to Nature what is Nature's due,
Or paint her beauties as they shone in view.
Yet Mem'ry long, with eagle eye, will dwell
O'er all those scenes which now I know so well :
Will trace the path along the Calder's edge,
Around my fav'rite walk by Shepley Bridge,
Where hill and dale, and thick grown woods
 appear,
And warbling birds oft charm'd my list'ning ear ;
Where yellow-cups in glowing meads are seen
Like sheets of bullion, gold'ning all the green ;
Where cooling waters flow as smooth as glass,
“ And shew, revers'd, the villas as you pass ;”
And studious Art with Nature seems to vie
To fire the poet, or to charm the eye.

But, as the time now rapidly draws nigh
When I shall heave a farewell parting sigh,—
Shall quit my friends here once again to roam,
And leave Knowle Cottage, where I found a home,
I will express a hope, with mingled pain,
That, though we part, we all shall meet again ;
That in some future, no far distant year,
I shall again see you and others here ;
Whose constant kindness Time shall ne'er efface,
Nor I forget while Mem'ry holds her place.
But if the Fates forbid, by their decree,
Such friendly meeting 'tween myself and thee,
May all your years in peaceful pleasures flow
Like summer waves, when gentle zephyrs blow ;
Your sons pass smoothly thro' this vale of tears,
Ennoble life, and soothe your onward years !
And now, with all your kindness brought to view,
With deep regret I say—farewell !—adieu !*

* This was written nearly 20 years since.

A SIMILE.

How the world widens as the soul expands !
How small its circle when the mind contracts !
So day-light spreads as darkness disappears,
And night shuts in when sunbeams fade away.

THE LAMENT OF THE HEART.

1.

WHEN I think of my sorrows, the keen ones of love,
And the pleasures it brought to my view,
I shall seek consolation from Him that's above,
For the heart that's deny'd it by you.

2.

When I smart from the fire which is burning there
yet,
For 'tis hard to extinguish the flame,
I shall think of your charms with the keenest
regret,
But must love and esteem you the same.

3.

Farewell! may your life glide as smoothly along
As a bark on a calm summer sea;
And your heart remain light as the blithesome lark's
song,
Which reminds me of heaven and thee!

A WANDERING OUTCAST.

1.

How cold is the blast ! and how bleak is the
moor,

While lonely and wretched I roam !
I think of my mother, my hardships deplore,
And sigh for the comforts of home.

2.

She was tender and kind—I was hard'ning in
sin ;

My father was harsh and severe ;
Yet I think he would turn to his child once
again,
If he knew half its sufferings here.

3.

I'm weary of life ; my poor mother is dead ;
My health, too, is gone to decay ;
All night on the cold clammy earth is my bed ;
I've no one to speak to all day.

4.

Now colder's the blast, and more cutting the
smart,
As the storm it comes howling along !
And I feel as if sorrow was bursting my heart,
And I think of the days that are gone.

5.

Oh, God!—my sole comfort—have pity on me!
What need I to think of the past,
If, while in affliction, my trust is in Thee,
Even *I* shall find mercy at last !

A FACT.

*By which a large Bet was won by a Gentleman
at Manchester.*

1.

SOME friends were boasting of their powers
When o'er their wine they got ;
One said he'd keep his leg two hours
In water boiling hot.

2.

The sight astonish'd all around,
And made the starers talk ;
But when the leg was stripp'd, they found
'Twas only made of cork !

FOR AN ALBUM.

1.

WHILE musing, I gaze on the slumbering ocean,
And Nature's soft whispers are lulling the deep,
They seem like the breathings, or tender emotion,
Of a mother o'er-watching her infant asleep.

2.

While in tempests I gaze on the huge world of
waters,
Which, lash'd into madness, seem daring the skies,
I know that all storms, for so Mercy hath taught us,
Can be hush'd by that goodness which bade them
arise.

3.

Thus either, when peaceful, the soul is delighting,
'Tis Love, unobservedly, yielding its calm;
Or, when in affliction, 'tis Mercy inviting
The soul to its parent for comfort and balm.

PORSON'S RETENTIVE MEMORY
PHRENOLOGICALLY
ACCOUNTED FOR.

'Tis commonly said, that whoever is dull,
Or appears a great fool, has got a thick skull ;
But when Porson (the famous Greek scholar) was
dead,
And some wise Craniologists open'd his head,
His skull was so thick, it made ev'ry one stare,
To think so much learning could e'er get in there ;
But on one point they all could agree, without
doubt,
That whatever got in there could never get out.

TO CHARITY.

THOU meek-ey'd maiden! of celestial birth,
Most lov'd in heaven, descend to earth

And spread thy blessings wide;
Breathe thy pure spirit in my sterile heart,
Uproot the bad, the good impart,

Be thou my constant guide!
Teach all my thoughts to glow with love,
And sinking self to soar above

Each low-born grov'ling care;
That life's great blessings I may ne'er abuse,
Turn my poor talent to some goodly use;

Oh, grant thy suppliant's prayer!
For he to whom thy love divine is given,
Finds peace on earth, eternal joys in heaven!

TO LUXURY.

1.

OH, Luxury ! with fiendlike art
Beguiling to deprave the heart,
 What cares on thee attend !
Thou cam'st to man a second curse,—
A spreading plague, which still grows worse,—
 Destruction is thy end.

2.

Who grasps at thee can never find
Contentment dwelling in his mind ;
 For, where thy charms abound,
In midst of thee man feels accurs'd,
Like Tantalus, with constant thirst
 For all he sees around.

3.

What mighty cities, o'er the world,
In heaps of ruins have been hurl'd,
Where'er thy footsteps trod !
And empires, rising at thy call
Can only flourish but to fall
Beneath thy scourging rod.

4.

England—mysterious favour'd isle !—
Throws o'er the globe fair Freedom's smile,
And fain would bless the brave ;
But, while her sons would all disown,
And hurl each tyrant from his throne,
Is still herself a slave.

5.

Yes, England !—mighty still to save,
Unconquer'd yet,—is now a slave
To thy too fatal wiles ;
Shall they who brav'd war's fiercest frown,
In peace be meanly overthrown
By Luxury's syren smiles ?

6.

Britons, arouse! and spurn a power
Which only charms but to devour,—

Avert your country's woe!
Cast out this viper from her heart,
Or, pois'ning ev'ry vital part,
'Twill prove her deadly foe!

7.

Kingdoms—like kings—must pass away,
Together in the dust must lay,

'Neath Time's all-mould'ring shock;
Alike their glory, too, must fade,
Unless their sure foundation's laid
On Truth's eternal rock!

MR. AND MRS. SOCRATES; OR,
“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

1.

WHEN Xantippe married, she soon, we are told,
Gave Socrates cause to regret he made choice of her;
Unless he did purposely marry that scold
To become, what he afterwards prov'd—a philoso-
pher.

2.

But if he did really (as learned men say)
Get wed to that vixen, well knowing the course of
her,
So that merely, thro' such a tempestuous way,
He might learn to be calm, and become a philoso-
pher;

3.

Then, doubtless, altho' she appear'd such a shrew,
It will help, in great measure, her conduct to gloss
over ;

For, knowing his wishes, what could she well do
But worry him well, and so make him philosopher?

4.

She was oft like a tigress, escap'd from a cage,
And would fly at her husband, and him almost
force over ;

He could not controul her, so great was her rage,
So he master'd himself, and thus grew a philoso-
pher.

5.

Once she aim'd at his head a most terrible stroke,
With a fist, I should think, would almost knock a
horse over,

When he said, quite as calmly as if in a joke,
Don't dash out the brains, dear, of such a philoso-
pher.

6.

By bopping a little, he miss'd such a blow
As would, doubtless, have made him then feel the
full force of her ;
And, if it had struck him, mankind, we all know,
Must have wept o'er the brains of that honour'd
philosopher.

7.

I suppose had she happen'd just then to have died,
He would not have griev'd on account of the loss
of her ;
And, perhaps, would not even been known to have
sigh'd,
And would then, more than ever, have prov'd a
philosopher.

8.

In every possible way did she try
To torment and ill use him—'twas really quite cross
of her ;
And once she so much had disfigur'd his eye,
He appear'd, *till it heal'd*, an imperfect philosopher.

9.

Just then had you ask'd, he'd have told you the truth,
Would plainly have answer'd, had I now my choice
over,

Again I would never get married in youth,
Except to Xantippe, to be a philosopher.

10.

One day, he said—Xantippe, throw me that book,
dear ;

When slap at his head the book flew (as of course)
over ;

Where all such *head counsellors* went, it is clear,
Or he would not have been so profound a philoso-
pher.

11.

After storming some time, she once threw o'er his
head

A pitcher of water, so great was the sauce of her,
When “rain follows thunder,” was all that he said,
For water was needless to cool this philosopher.

12.

'Twas sad for poor Socrates' musical ear
To be constantly stunn'd by the hoarse roaring voice
of her ;

But while other mortals all trembled with fear,
He stood, 'mid the thunder, a placid philosopher.

13.

'Twas lucky for him that he never had got
(At least, I believe he had not) any boys of her ;
For had he had some like the mother, I wot
They then would have ruffled the calmest philoso-
pher.

14.

When the poison so calmly he took at the last,
He knew that death's bridge it would help him to
cross over ;
And, until the last struggle of life was well pass'd,
He could not be deem'd a quite *finish'd* philoso-
pher.

15.

As a ship thro' a tempest has buoyantly brav'd,
And rode o'er the waves when you thought she
 would toss over,
So Socrates triumph'd when Xantippe rav'd,
For the soul never founders of such a philosopher.

SONNET,

*On hearing a Robin sing at my Window, on the
15th of December—a bitter cold day.*

SING on, sweet bird! and while thy simple lay,
And soothing tones of tenderness, impart
A peaceful, pleasing lesson to my heart,
Recalling for awhile my thoughts away
From the low cares of earth,—thy notes of love,
Which, like a vesper hymn, now floats above,

Shall teach my musing thoughts, like thee, to raise
 A grateful song to Him who tunes thy praise.
 Cold blows the blast ! and shelterless and lone
 Thou seem'st ; but yet thy cheerful strain
 Still breathes of peace ; nor dost thou now refrain,
 In all thy loneliness and want, thy grateful tone.
 But man is thankless ; and, in evil born,
 Murmurs 'mid blessings, and is doom'd to mourn.

A DEFINITION OF PITCH BATTLES.

1.

A BOXER, at Oxford, was puzzling his head,
 (Which head had been pretty well mall'd,)
 To find out an answer for one who had said
 Why are pitch battles so called ?

2.

A Collegian, who happen'd to stand by him then,
Said, the reason I'm able to teach :
For all your pitch battles are fought by two men ;
And *bi-tu-men* is Latin for pitch.

TO MY SISTER, ON THE DEATH OF
HER FIRST CHILD.

1.

AH ! you have lost your only child,
And now, perhaps, are weeping ;
Oh ! cease, dear Anne, to mourn its loss,
In death 'tis only sleeping.

2.

The rose's early beauteous bud,
When nipp'd by frosty air,
Is taken to a warmer place,
And nurs'd with tend'rer care.

3.

Then mourn not Fortune's seeming frown ;
'Twas God's benign decree
To take your only bud to Him,
And rear it up for thee.

4.

Earth was too cold for such a plant
To bloom or flourish here ;
In Heaven's warm soil 'twill blossom soon ;
And soon you'll see it there.

TO A LADY,

*Who told me she was afraid to Marry, thinking,
with Lady Wortley Montague, that in Mar-
riage there were, at least, ten thousand Blanks
to a Prize.*

WHERE ten thousand blanks are thrown in with
one prize,
To put in the lottery does not seem wise ;
Yet to bless and be blest, all should try ; and, no
doubt,
You would throw a prize in, and I hope take one
out.

LUCRETIA DAVIDSON,

An American Poetess of great promise, who, from too sensitive a genius, and from cultivating too ardently her love of intellectual pleasures, died when 17 years of age,—was, while composing a Poem, listening to an Æolian Harp, which, on such occasions, she usually placed at her window. In this situation, her mother, unobserved, saw her; and the following Lines must be supposed to be written by the mother while watching her child, under a conviction that the latter was feeding feelings which, from over excitement, would soon lead (as they did) to her death.

1.

AN, those wild notes! who knows a mother's heart
Can feel the pangs such touching tones impart!
Their melting music charms Lucretia's ear,
Thrills thro' her soul, and fills my own with fear.

2.

Such magic music, and the muse combine
To fire a genius which seems all divine ;
She woos the muse, the wind harp fans the flame,
And feeds the fire which wastes her gentle frame.

3.

Again those notes, like some too mournful tale,
Thrill thro' her soul, and turn her deadly pale ;
While each sad tone forewarns me of her doom ;
And mine, to watch her wasting for the tomb !

4.

Oh, God ! avert the dreadful shock—and spare
My only child, my pride, and tend'rest care !
Or if the awful blow I cannot shun,
Comfort me Lord—let thy good will be done !

*On reading, in “Ritson on Animal Food,” that
a Lydian King, after eating part of his Wife,
regretted he “had not known before she made
so good a dish.”*

A LYDIAN King, 'tis very gravely said,
So lov'd his wife ('tis meant, of course, when dead)
He ate her all, and then express'd a wish
He'd known before “she made so good a dish.”
Haply this custom now is obsolete,
And *living* wives are deem'd the greater treat;
Or many a woman, like the Lydian Queen,
Outside her husband would no more be seen.
As thus his Majesty, when hunger stricken,
Din'd off his wife, as we should off a chicken,
We may infer—indeed 'tis clearly shewn—
That Royalty then went more easy down;

But in these days some find, without a question,
It is not quite so easy of digestion.
I think the King could not the least ill treat her,
He lik'd her much, if not, how could he eat her?
From purest love their tender union sprung,
And (she so swallow'd) they were two in one.
Thus, when no fitter place could well be found,
And he his body gave for burial ground,
He prov'd, when charity was not in fashion,
A King could ope his bowels of compassion.

It somehow happens men most praise their wives
Just when, poor creatures, they have clos'd their
lives.

So did this King his consort most deplore
When—all was swallow'd—she became *no more*.
So great his pleasure at this choice repast—
So much he lik'd her, even to the last—
He begg'd his Poet Laureat, with much pains,
To write an Epitaph o'er her remains:

The King just then, no doubt, forgetting quite
Where she lay buried was no place to write;
And that, as he himself had swallow'd all,
The Queen had really *no remains* at all;
But when his Majesty soon clos'd his life,
Some wag wrote on him "*Here lies man and wife.*"

·AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The following irregular Lines were written on recurring to an impressive scene I was present at in Llanstephan, a retired and picturesque village in South Wales, where the Church-yard, full of flowers and evergreens, appeared like a beautiful garden, and the separate graves (decked and taken care of by the relatives of the dead) looked like favourite flower beds. There I observed a poor old woman bending over several graves, where her poor husband, all her children, and some of her grand-children, were buried: her hands were clasped in silent prayer, in which, for awhile, she appeared so absorbed,

that to every thing else she seemed dead as a statue. I was unobserved by her, and there was no one else present but my little boy. Under these circumstances I felt no inclination to disturb her devotions; but when they were ended, and she had gone round the graves (side by side) and trimmed the flowers her own hands had planted, I asked her, as she was leaving the church-yard (for she had the appearance of great poverty), whether she was in want, when she replied, in a tone of gratitude I think I shall never forget, "No, by the blessing of God, my son-in-law is very good to me, and keeps me from the parish." I thought this one of the most impressive sermons I had ever heard in favour of piety and against murmuring.

1.

WHAT calm affliction's here!

In holy grief,

With meek simplicity, she seeks relief

In prayer o'er those she lov'd. A hallow'd tear
Drops o'er the graves which clasp them. Sweet
flowers appear,

With mingling fragrance, o'er the dead to rise
With her meek prayers, like incense, to the skies.

2.

Poor, she thus honors life !

E'en in old age,

When health, and strength, and sight, are failing
fast ;

And those most dear, call'd from this stormy stage,

Have left her sorrowing in a world of strife,

Her goodly heart is comforted thro' life,

When all its ties are fading, or have pass'd.

3.

Too thankless are we all !

E'en when life's cup

Is sparkling to the brim, heedless we drink
it up.

Our blessings come so kindly and unsought,

We seldom prize, or use, them as we ought ;

But in adversity, if e'er we fall,

How great our murmurs, and our trust how
small !

4.

Why on the things of earth,

Let our hopes dwell?

Time, a kind tutor of the heart from birth,

Tells at each stage they all must quickly pass,

And fade away like breathings o'er a glass.

But heavenly love and peace, we know full
well,

Once in the heart, may there for ever dwell.

5.

What are earth's joys at best!

Fast as they rise

They charm and die, like soft Æolian sighs;

Or like lov'd flowers, which, when too closely
press'd,

Breathe out their sweets and die.—Too oft they
smile,

Like seeming friendship, only to beguile,

And wound the more, the more they are
caress'd.

6.

Then let us seek for peace!

That still blooms on

When ev'ry other charm of life is gone.

For, like the rosemary,* 'mid scenes of gloom,
It calmly smiles and blossoms o'er the tomb;
Yielding its sweets when other joys decrease,
And breathes, like Hope, of those which ne'er
will cease.

* I have often, in Wales, seen this flower, which blossoms in the winter, growing over the graves.

BENEVOLENCE, THE CHARACTERISTIC OF MAN.

“ He tells the heart,
“ He meant, he made us to behold and love
“ What he beholds and loves, the general orb
“ Of life and being; to be great like Him,
“ Beneficent and active.” AKENSIDE.

THOUGH we observe, among the mingled mass,
A mean contracted temper much obtains,
'Tis not the genuine character of man.
Many there are whose more exalted souls,
Bearing the impress of their proper birth,
Find their chief happiness in doing good.
Such have a joy spring up at second hand,
Rebounding more from the delight of others,
Than from direct sensation from themselves.

Tho' such heroic spirits are but few,
And, to appearance, so far above
The grov'ling multitude of meaner minds,
That they do seem to be a different race ;
Yet, in reality, are they the same,—
Mov'd in their nature by the self same springs,
Endow'd with the like essential qualities ;
But cultivated, clear'd, and well refin'd.
Water, when standing, harden'd into ice,
Or flowing softly in refreshing streams,
Gladd'ning a thousand meadows in its course,
Is doubtless the same fluid body still.
Trees hurt by frost, or stunted in their growth,
Or when, full bearing in the summer's sun,
They yield with gratitude their goodly fruit,
Have the same nature in an alter'd state.
And tho' we find, when mingling with the world,
Men are polluted, selfish, cramp'd, and cold,
It was the genuine nature of the soul—

When man came forth from his Creator's hands—
To be diffusive, generous, and kind.

The pity felt in sudden scenes of grief;
The joy which springs from mitigating woe;
The conscious worth each noble action leaves,—
Some touch of kindness in the worst of men;
The godlike nature stamp'd upon the good;
The pure affection of an infant's heart,
And tender feelings of compassion there,—
Are proofs of a disinterested love,
Which shew the goodly nature of the soul.

It was a part of Epicurus' scheme,
That, in great Nature's elemental war,
From mingling atoms man had birth by chance;
And some materialists there still are found,
To paint our nature in such hideous light,
As if they lov'd the loathsome thing they draw.
How can a man so scandalize his kind!
Stoop from the proud pre-eminence of man,

And grope for origin below the brutes.
Sure 'tis more dignified, and pleasing too,
To "look thro' Nature up to Nature's God,"
And trace our being to a source divine.
'Tis said that Homer drew his Gods like men,
To make his men appear the more like Gods;
And 'tis the interest of all mankind,
If not their wish, to bear the grand resemblance.
It is the glorious character of God—
Where wisdom infinite and boundless love,
And power almighty in perfection dwell—
T' impart his loving nature to each heart,
That, in the world of gladness which he made,
His creatures all might find an equal bliss.*

* These lines were written after reading a Paper on the same subject in the *Spectator*, where many of the thoughts here expressed may be found nearly in the same words.

ARTIFICIAL BEAUTY MOST LASTING

“Trust not too much to an enchanting face.”

DRYDEN.

1.

CHERUBINA, an artful, conceited old girl,
Let fall some false teeth while adjusting a curl;
And when Lubin, her lover, was smoothing her hair,
Her wig tumbl'd off, and expos'd her head bare.

2.

But greater misfortunes befell this poor lass,
One eye, which she purchas'd, fell out, made of
glass.
’Twas its lustre charm’d Lubin, and tho’ sad to tell,
Was his life while it sparkl’d—his death when it
fell.

3.

His death she regretted; her grief could not
smother,
She cried with one eye; but she soon bought
another;—
She procur'd some fresh teeth, and her charms
never ended,
For she still purchas'd new ones, and got the old
mended.

AN ENIGMA.

1.

ALL human power descends from power divine,
To man 'tis granted for some goodly use;
And if man says that self deriv'd is mine,
He is I think a most egregious goose.

2.

“I come in such a questionable shape,”
(Just like a query, or like Hamlet’s Ghost,)
That, though my nature must not all escape,
I’ll shew enough of it to puzzle most.

3.

No conj’ror plays more puzzling tricks than I,
No Indian juggler can ever know them;
And ev’ry man on earth I here defy
T’ explain correctly how it is I shew them.

4.

Some little children oft are so perverse,
Because they fancy that my tricks are real,
They make a fuss, and loudly call for nurse,
Who quickly comes and finds their fears ideal.

5.

Though I appear to have the gift of tongues,
To suit my converse to man’s varied speech,
I’m very certain that I have no lungs,
Nor such a voice as could a sermon preach.

6.

Long sermons I can neither read nor hear,
In short discourse I've lectur'd not a few;
And I suppose I seem to talk, quite clear,
Greek to a Grecian, Hebrew to a Jew.

7.

I've dwelt with each thron'd monarch of the earth,
With poets, statesmen, and all men most fam'd;
Have visited all men of noble birth,
And been in each large city Fame has nam'd.

8.

Pride is a curse to man! then ne'er will I,
Because companion of the rich and great,
My wonted presence to the poor deny,
When I can soothe them in their sad estate.

9.

But though I'm conversant with all mankind,
Can calm their cares, and play such wond'rous
pranks,
Yet, strange to say, I do not always find
That those I visit welcome me with thanks.

10.

Some, just like school-boys, when they see the coach
That soon will waft them far from school away,
Seem really quite o'erjoyed at my approach,
And when I leave them fain would have me stay.

11.

Others, whose gloomy thoughts seem quite unfit
For any company, by day or night,
As if I came to serve them with a writ,
Will walk away in sullen dark affright.

12.

There's scarce a subject that I don't converse on,
With ev'ry age much intercourse I hold;
In my wide range I call on ev'ry person,
And oft give serious counsel to the old.

13.

To them I talk of cares which soon must cease,
Of joys which vanish like a meteor ray;
Of conflicts, griefs, and toils, which end in peace,
And hope, which brightens as life fades away.

14.

In soft communion while I thus engage,
O'er the worn mind I pour a soothing balm ;
I ope bright visions to desponding age,
And throw around it an unearthly calm.

15.

Here, all the sorrows man is doom'd to know,
Are paths, through Mercy, to a world of bliss,
Where pure, unmingled joys for ever flow,
Which mortals dream of, but ne'er find in this.

THE RISING OF THE LARKS.

1.

Oh, list to the skylarks!—their notes, I declare,
Like the warbles of echo, are sung in the air,
Now dying so softly away ;
Like spirits they seem to be soaring above,
While breathing sweet music their whispers of love,
Seem thus in faint accents to say :

2.

We once, like you, mortals, were dwellers below ;
But if you, like ourselves, would true happiness
know,
Let your spirits thus hover above ;
Then with glee quite unearthly you'll mount to the
skies,
Through regions of bliss you will sing as you rise,
Inspir'd by the God of all Love !

What deadly differences we see
“’Tween tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee !”

1.

A LEARNED Doctor, who had done his best
To save his patients, whom he sent to rest,
Whene’er they died, declar’d it did not smart him,
Because he kill’d them all “*secundum artem*.”

2.

I know a Quack (kind man!) who never pleads
Secundum artem for his deadly deeds ;
But when his patients die, will much deplore
They did not live to take his pills once more!

A FRAGMENT, BY MOONLIGHT, ON
DAWLISH BEACH.

PEACEFUL is all around ! and the full moon,
Spreading God's glory as it lights the world,
Casts a pale, pensive look upon the earth,
As if in silent, deep, and holy grief
She mourn'd the sins of this vain, bustling world ;
While from her throne of light soft ebbing beams
(Like sweetest smiles reflected in a glass,)
Fall with mild lustre on the slumb'ring sea,
Which, calmly bosom'd in the arms of night,
Rests like an infant in its mother's lap !

At such an hour,—when no unhallow'd sound
Nor ruffling thought disturbs the musing mind ;

When the tumultuous world, its jarring cares,
And roaring passions all seem lull'd to rest ;
And some invisible, almighty power,
With breathless joy, seems watching o'er the scene,—
Man feels uplifted from this earthly sphere,
“ His spirit lofty, tho' his merit mean ;”
And, as a pilgrim, when oppress'd with heat,
Pants for the refuge of a cooling shade,
The soul, far wand'ring, weary, faint, and sick,
In stilly gladness, seeks a sweet repose
In calm communion with its parent God.

Who would exchange a few such blissful hours
Of pure and inward peace, for all the joys—
The vain, gay, glittering joys—the world e'er gave ;
Mere fleeting pleasures of a fev'rish dream,
Which cheats the heart, then makes it wake to woe.

SMILES AND TEARS.

1.

The playful smiles on Beauty's cheek,
Which Cupid loves to joy in,
Are like pure Nature's merry freak
On April's rosy morning;

2.

The pearly tears from Beauty's eye,
Which Cupid's wings are dipp'd in,
Are like the dew-drops from the sky,
Which Angels lave their lips in.

3.

In smiles or tears thus Beauty can
Appear so pure and charming,
That man is "more or less than man,"
If Beauty can't disarm him.

ON SEEING A VENERABLE OAK
DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING.

1.

THERE stood for centuries a huge grown Oak,
Mocking with pride the longest life of man,
Till vivid lightning fell'd it at a stroke,
And scarce a trace is left from whence it sprang.

2.

AND thus it is with vain, unthinking men,
Who boast of youthfulness in favour'd age;
Death's sudden flash, like lightning, comes, and then
Their names are sever'd from Life's written page.

3.

WITH thoughts like these, on which we all should
dwell,
A useful, pleasing, moral seems to blend,—
They tell mankind to pass their short lives well,
And look for death as some soon coming friend.

SONNET ON A SONNET.

I HATE a Sonnet—'tis so jagg'd;—each line,
So split and so discordant, takes much time
To comprehend it. Lost seems the puzzling
rhyme,—
E'en Milton's sonnets but obscurely shine;—
For, as a river, winding through a plain,
Now disappears then bursts in view again,
A sonnet's sense throughout is seldom clear,
But, oft divided, 'twill at times appear ;
And though the lines must rhyme, 'tis still a crime,
In sonneteering, if they too much chime.
The subject too must lie not thickly crowded,
But all alone, like some poor body shrouded.
Bright must the Poet be who clearly shines
Through fourteen dark, cramp'd, split, discordant
lines.

“ There is society, when none intrudes,
“ By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

BYRON.

Who, while the boundless Ocean is in view,
Turns from the world of waters all his thoughts,
To fix them solely on a single drop?
Yet so irrational and mad is man,
That, with eternity outstretch'd before him,
He gives life's little moment all his care,
As if eternity deserv'd no thought.
Thus, while he madly hangs his hopes, and fears,
And all his schemes, on life's short, slender thread,
(Risking the peace of his immortal soul,)
Some sudden jerk will snap the brittle chord,
And drop him, heedless, in the awful gulph.

A SKETCH FROM THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

1.

IN a midshipman's berth, 'tis the queerest of places,
By no means a friend to the Muses and Graces—

Where ev'ry young hero appears
With the pranks of a monkey, not studies of man,
To trick away life in the best way he can—

I pass'd most unclassical years.

2.

And therefore, just now, when I happen'd to look
Thro' the work of my fancy—my manuscript book,

I discover'd ('twill seem to you odd,
In this very learn'd march of intellect age)
There was scarce an allusion, in any one page,
To a classical, heathenish, God.

3.

While man's rushing forward he seldom looks back ;
Athirst for new learning, some old we must lack,
For few can drink deeply of both.
'Tis well if we usefully know much of either ;
'Tis sad in these days to be knowing in neither,—
To confess myself so I am loath.

4.

That it really is easy to seem very pat in
Much learning, although I know little of Latin,
And nothing of Greck shall be seen ;
Unless those I write for have had *quantum suff*,
And the critics deem this my-thological stuff
Unfit for the Bath Magazine.*

5.

'Tis foolish to seem more unlearn'd than our betters,
When, using fine words, we may seem men of letters ;
To begin, then, I'll write about Mars,
That great God of War, whose big helmet and shield
Must have kept him, I think, too ignobly conceal'd
To be cover'd, like Nelson, with scars.

* A work for which these lines were intended.

6.

I'm told, by fam'd authors, Mars' mother was Juno;
He ne'er had a father (so Ovid says, you know).

Thus Minerva, 'tis said, had no mother,—
From Jupiter's pate that wise lady appear'd;
But, ere such queer pedigrees well could be clear'd,
The shrewdest old Lawyer they'd bother.

7.

This Jupiter (so I have read in some treatise)
Had first for his wife that famous dame, Metis.

So sagacious and prudent was she,
He gobbled her up, at the close of the year,
For fear, near the end of it, there should appear
Some offspring more godlike than he.

8.

Then Vulcan split open, to ease it of pains,
Poor Jupiter's head, when out from his brains

Popp'd Minerva, the motherless maid:
The *offspring of brains*, 'tis no wonder that she
The *Goddess of Wisdom* should afterwards be,
And thus she her wisdom display'd.

9.

Events of futurity she could unfurl:
She had power, like Jupiter, thunder to hurl,—
 Could lengthen, at pleasure, man's life;—
In the presence of Gods she produc'd and gave birth
To the Olive, the emblem of peace on the earth,
 Where, alas! there is too much of strife.

10.

Now where's the utility—I cannot see—
Of learning like this to the reader and me?
 What use was a God like old Pan,—
With a nose like a negro, two horns on his head,
A short shaggy tail, a complexion brick-red,—
 What use was such monster to man?

11.

That pastoral beauty, transform'd to a goat,
Invented, and charmingly play'd on, the flute,
 And most strangely inveigled Diana;—
I suppose, when a *goat*, he must sweetly have play'd
“Oh *Nanny*, wilt thou gang with me,” dearest maid;
 If so, 'twas enough to trepan her.

12.

More musical Orpheus e'en could inspire
And charm the wild beasts, with his magical lyre,—
Its tones all the Furies disarm'd;—
E'en rivers, most rapid, were suddenly still;
The mountains were mov'd, as if dancing quadrille;
All Nature, attentive, was calm'd.

13.

While Orpheus thus even Pluto disarm'd,
He became by Eurydice suddenly charm'd;
But when they were happily wed,
She fled, to escape Aristæus's suit,
When a snake in the grass bit her under the foot,
And soon, very soon, she was dead.

14.

Poor Orpheus then growing dismal and grave,
As if he had dwelt in Traphonius' cave,
Found one consolation in grief;
In grottoes secluded, aloof from mankind,
The tones of his lyre spake peace to his mind,
And breath'd a most soothing relief.

15.

At last he was murder'd by Thracian dames,
Because he neglected their amorous flames.

They mangled his body when dead:
His head in the Hebrus they threw, and there
twice
(Like a musical box) it sung out Eurydice,*
Which prov'd she was still in his head.

16.

Some say that this story we must not rely on,
That over his tomb, near a city call'd Dion,
Soft moanings were heard in the air;
The Muses wept o'er him lamenting his doom,
The birds sang the sweeter the nearer his tomb,
For the Spirit of Music was there.

* Although a classical acquaintance of mine, on hearing the wrong pronunciation of this name, advised me to alter it, declaring that he would not for £50 have it appear in any acknowledged work of his, I have ventured (as Eurydice rhymes so well with twice) to let it stand, having myself no such great value for words.

17.

How I wish holy Love could, like Orpheus' lyre,
Tame the beasts of the mind, and all Nature inspire,
And still the sad waters of strife;
Move mountains of evil from every mind,
Soothe every sorrow, unite all mankind,
And calm the whole ocean of life.

SONNET,

*At the request of a Friend, for the Title-page
of her Album.*

COME, come, my friends, and, as the genial Spring
Will soon be here, with melody and joy,
Breathing of peace and mirth without alloy,
Together come; sweet songs and flowrets bring,

That as these leaves unfold I here may look,
As in fair Nature's pure instructive book,
And view both love and wisdom. Let fancy wing,
Like the gay skylark, with unearthly glee,
Her airy flight, and sing sweet songs for me;
Or in more humble strain, as robins sing,
Pour forth some homely feelings to the heart.
If not in verse, some gem in prose impart;
Some flowery wreath in kindness here intwine,
And join in friendship your fair hand to mine.

IMPROMPTU.

“Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.”

A good Man, resting on eternal truth,
Like the foundation of a well-built arch,
The harder press'd, the firmer still will stand;

For, in the whirlwind of contending cares,
When keen afflictions sore assault the soul,
And meaner mortals are subdued and sink,
He soars in spirit to serener skies,
Feels peace within, and calmly braves his fate.
So the proud Eagle, in the furious blast,
While smaller birds cling terrified to earth,
Securely nestles on some lofty rock;
Or, into motion by the tempest whirl'd,
Upmounts majestic in its fearless flight,
Rests on the wing, and, pois'd, enjoys the storm.

SONNET.

WHY should a good man fear th' approach of death!
For when the body, kindly lent for wise
And goodly ends, comfort and use denies,
Surely 'tis best to die. Expiring breath
Leaves the pure spirit in serener skies,
Where full perfection glads its lucid eyes.
Man is not wholly born until he dies:
Life lies in embryo—in a darken'd cell,
Like a pure pearl, o'ercrusted in its shell;
But, loos'd by death, the raptur'd spirit flies,
Wafted by angels, to a world of bliss
Unknown to mortals, while entomb'd in this.
Death, a kind refuge, bids all sorrow cease,
And frees the soul to dwell with God in peace.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

*Who called me “a selfish, morose, Misanthrope;
Useless, a Turn-coat, and Coward.”*

“ Look in her eyes, and you’d forget it all.”

WHEN you call me a Misanthrope, selfish, morose,
I calmly can bear it, and think you jocose;
When you add I am useless, a turncoat, and coward,
Pray where is the temper that would n’t be sour’d.
The heart that could give or could take such a joke,
Should be made of cast-iron, of ice, or of oak.

Do you think me your friend? or if not, that you
ought

With any one’s feelings so cruelly sport?
Can you stab thus in fun, and not feel any pain?
But I cannot upbraid you, and will not complain.

To forget and forgive we should never feel loth,
The one I can do, but I cannot do both :
To forgive you—sincerely forgive you—I can ;
To forget you, can never—that is not in man.

When in earnest you strike at a heart—oh, be
wise!

And, instead of your tongue, let it be with you
eyes.

TO FLATTERY.

TWIN born with falsehood, full of dire deceit,
Thou basest charmer, and most pleasing cheat ;
A dandy's plaything, oft dear woman's joy,
You charm like serpents only to destroy.
You feed on lies—ne'er heed the gem of truth ;
Tell with'ring age it looks like blooming youth ;

Call women Angels, men degrade to apes,
And give to vices Virtues' fairest shapes.
You seek the rich, and mostly shun the poor;
To pamper'd Princes ope your venom'd store:
You dip them in it, gloss their odious crimes
With poisonous praise you lull their sinful minds,—
Swell men with greatness they ne'er knew before—
Daub o'er their vices which they see no more.
You puff them up with self conceit and pride,
Keep wisdom from them—make them fools beside:
Till at the last of serious thought bereft,
Few seeds of virtue in their minds are left.

You dwell in heads where little else we find;
For where you dwell there seems nor sense nor
mind;
You fill up ball-rooms with your baneful chat;
Most raise your voice when conversation's flat.
You talk and crouch to please the list'ning fair
When conversation grows as light as air;

And teach young, silly, scented, foolish fops,
To talk small-talk when conversation drops.
Your pleasing praise is sipp'd by all mankind;
And too much poisons lovely woman's mind;
And now I'll call you, just before I've done,
The most lov'd hypocrite beneath the sun.

*The following Lines were written after parting
with a young Friend in the last stage of a Con-
sumption, who, a few months before, I had seen
in all the bloom of health.*

1.

HER cheek, like Purity, is fair as snow;
No youthful smiles now cheer her thin-worn face;
Calm meditation sits upon her brow,
And in her eyes are meekness, love, and grace.

2.

When piercing Death her fleeting life destroys,
May angels waft her to a world of bliss !
There may she reap those pure and lasting joys
Which mortals know not—cannot find in this.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE
WILDERNESS.

MAN's a worn trav'ler on a rugged road,
A Pilgrim journeying to a land of rest ;
A weary lab'rer with a heavy load,
By pleasure tempted, but by cares oppress'd.
Onward he moves, by Nature prone to stray,
Till keen Affliction, with a kindly force,
Turns him repentant from each evil way,
And shews him Virtue's calmer, happier, course.

His heart, arousing from its deadly dream,
When touch'd in mercy by the hand of God,
Becomes the fountain of a living stream,—
Like Horeb's Rock when smote by Moses' Rod.
Forward he presses, with a heavenly will ;
Mount Zion now the nearer seems in view ;
His soul, enraptur'd, mounts the holy hill,
There dwells at rest 'mid joys for ever new !

AN ADDRESS TO—

*What most Readers, I am told,
Take much delight in, that is—GOLD.*

OH, Gold!—by which the world is sway'd,
A *sovereign* power too much obey'd,
The idol which most men adore—
To be without thee is a bore ;

For though thou dost too much allure us,
Thou dost so many joys procure us,
That wanting thee we are indeed
At times so terribly in need,
It is no wonder that we find
You are so sought for by mankind ;
For, take thy wond'rous charm away,
Would all our Bishops preach and pray ?
Would Patriots make such glorious speeches ?
Would even Tailors make our breeches ?
Would Poets tell pathetic stories ?
Or would there be so many Tories ?
I grant thee that all mental worth
(Because it is of heavenly birth)
Is better far than earthly wealth,
Which Misers hoard and get by stealth.
But, as the married life, I'm told,
Is always sunnier ting'd with gold,
Oh, give me, give me, pray, enough
Of that nice yellow-looking stuff !

To purchase for my child and wife
All comforts they may need thro' life;
And I should like a little more,
To aid my friend, and give the poor.
I know, while these my thoughts are brewing,
You often help men on to ruin :
A drunkard who thy aid has got
Becomes, we know, the greater sot,—
Will guzzle horrid gin and beer
Till down he drops, or can't see clear.
A dandy, we may well suppose,
Would buy, if rich, much smarter clothes ;
A rake enrich'd will, in a trice,
But plunge the deeper into vice.
If thou increase a Miser's store,
What's lov'd too much, he loves still more.
But tho' men's evils, by your aid,
Will thus be all the more display'd,
The evil's not in you yourself,
But dwells in those who have the pelf;

And therefore you should act with caution,
Nor give away too large a portion,
For very few, I have a notion,
Deserve enough to fill the ocean.
But some there are of different mood,
Who, bless'd by thee, would do some good ;
And, as I never would abuse thee,
Enrich me, pray, and I'll well use thee.

For want of thee, nice girls can't marry,
And many schemes of love miscarry ;
And widows, too, I've heard it said,
For want of thee, lone lives have led.
But plume these widow-birds with gold,
Cages and mates they'll find, I'm told ;
And as for men, we know for you
They'll risk their lives, and often do.
'Tis but for thee we see them twirl'd
In air balloons above the world ;
Others, where they can hardly breathe,
In diving-bells, duck down beneath ;—

The love of thee leads men, we know,
To murder, and all sorts of woe.
Some, to get at thee, live afloat;
And some poke broad swords down their throat;
While others, who will not live poor,
Will cut their throats, and live no more.

The Accoucheur who gave thee birth,
And ripp'd thee from the womb of earth,
Could little dream that his vocation,
And that Cæsarean operation,
Produc'd an offspring which, no doubt,
Mankind still squabble much about;
That grown, as thou hast done of late,
To what's call'd *sovereign* estate,
Thou'd spread thy power around the world
To bless or curse the land where hurl'd,
And bring a monstrous deal of bother
On earth—thy very ancient mother.

FRAGMENT IN MAY.

Now Spring returns to glad once more the earth,
And with its genial warmth unfolds the charms
Which Winter wither'd in its cold embrace.
All Nature now is bursting into bloom,
And with a smile of universal love
(Like a young beauty deck'd in gay attire)
Invites mankind to gaze upon her charms,
That in her features, so serenely fair,
They may admiring own a hand divine,
And ope their hearts to purity and love.

The flowers, fresh blooming 'long the mossy bank,
Hang o'er the tranquil stream which glides below,
And with their "lovely hues reflected bright,"
Seem rival beauties bending o'er a glass.

The bees are busy at their joyous task :
They nectar sip from each sweet flower they kiss ;
Then, on the wings of ecstasy upborne,
Sing as they fly and rove at large for more.
Myriads of insects buz upon the wing,
And fill the air with soothing proofs of mirth ;
The birds, all warbling with ecstatic glee,
Swell with soft harmony the echoing groves,
Which, while they beautify th' inspiring scene,
Yield a sweet fragrance to the balmy air.

The waters teem with animated life ;
The fish, all " buoyant with excess of glee,"
O'erleap the element in which they live,
As if to seek some freer scope for joy.

A shower has cool'd the air ; while sweetly pure
The healthful breeze comes freshly o'er the hill,
Which rears its head into the streaky sky,
And 'mid the splendour of bright Phœbus' rays,
Looks like a monarch thron'd in burnish'd gold.

Below, the smiling valley teems with flocks,
While in the meadows, carpeted with green—
With flowers inwrought by Nature's fairy hand—
Fast nibbling sheep close crop the juicy grass,
And cattle graze or gambol at their will.

Here is a festival of perfect love!—
Joy without anger—peace without alloy.
Who but feels rapture at such scenes of bliss?
Is there a man so brutalized in mind,
So lost to pleasing images of love,
And all the sympathies of joyous life,
Can see around such goodly prospects rise,
Yet shut his heart against the power who made
them?

All things on earth of heavenly things are types—
The works of Nature are the works of God,—
'Tis the great outbirth of the Deity,
And ev'ry portion of this grand effect

Contains a proof of the stupendous cause,
Who wields the world in ev'ry part is seen:
There's not a blade of grass, whose fragile form
Finds a sure op'ning through the ponderous earth,
But teems with proof of that Almighty power
Who warms, and waters it, and bids it grow.

A BATCH OF SONNETS.

1.

A ROUND of pleasure, like a round of beef,
Ere 'tis half-finished, tires ;
The mind, as well as body, to be quiet,
Should have, occasionally, change of diet.
Who feasts on pleasure, crams his mind with grief,
—So Mercy orders it—for man requires,
Before he can be happy, chang'd desires ;
And when he finds that those he has, all tend
To prove, if gratified, more foe than friend,
He leaves them for some better.
Thus by degrees he comes, at last, to know
As grief from pleasures, peace from grief may flow.

The more from this world we the mind unfetter,
The more each change will leave us Mercy's debtor.

2.

Oh that man had more appetite for life !
Would eat to live, nor so much live to eat !
Would give the body less, the soul more food !
He then would find himself in happier mood,—
Be far less bilious, and less prone to strife,
And would secure a much more lasting treat.
And if mankind would change their taste for drink,
Not thirst for riches, and not guzzle beer,
They'd doubtless save themselves from many pains—
From mental cares, and very muddled brains.
A thirst for truth and wisdom would, I think,
Keep all their minds more calm, their heads more
clear ;
But England's sons we never should forget,
Like patriots, drink to liquidate her debt. *

* See Cowper's Poems.

3.

Should some far wand'ring trav'ller visit Bath,
And ask—"Pray what is your religion here?"
(Tho' some amongst us seem to have not any,)
The answer would, perhaps, be—Sir, we've many :
Most seek for heaven by some different path.
This, doubtless, would to him most strange appear ;
The trav'ller, sure, would deem the nation odd,
And think we disbeliev'd an only God.
But should his questions then be more minute,
And you nam'd all sectarian appellations,
Or lent him "Evans's Denominations,"
He'd deem no God could all the English suit ;
And in his ignorant, but just surprise,
Would ask how many gods were in the skies.

4.

Turn'd to the sun, we feel its blessed beams,
And see its guiding and all glorious light,
And, tho' obscur'd by earthly clouds, it seems
To cease its beams, it still shines on as bright.

So when we ope our hearts to heavenly love,
Celestial goodness in the soul will flow ;
And truth is ever shining from above
On those who will the blessing here below ;
But if mankind, to evil prone from birth,
Will close the shutter of the soul by sin—
Oppose God's goodness by the things of earth,
And bar the light which struggles to get in—
Eternal truth and boundless love divine,
In vain for man, with constant mercy shine.

ADVICE TO POETS,

AND CONSOLATION FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT.

Tho' I can't practice what I preach,
—Which is, I fear, beyond my reach—
That, surely, is no reason why
Others who read this should not try.

1.

I ENVY not a Poet's ways,
So thoughtfully he spends his days,
That when at night
He tries—because he ought—to sleep,
He cannot, for he thinks so deep,
Till nearly light.

2.

E'en then, just o'er his restless brain
Some pleasing image floats again,
 And wakes him soon;
So lovely, that he gazes on it
Until he clothes it in a sonnet
 To the pale moon.

3.

These Poets, too, all toil for fame,
Which proves, at last, an empty name,
 And all ideal;
It keeps them toss'd like ships on ocean;
They seek a shadow with a notion
 'Tis something real.

4.

They, most of them, in life and features
Appear sad, nervous, anxious creatures,
 Without good health;
They hate a noise; ne'er heed being poor
Till in great want, then can't find more
 Of what's call'd wealth.

5.

And should a poet have a wife,
Which others find the charm of life,
 (I should be mute,)
She's had so much of horrid rhyme,
She hears, but hates it, all the time,—
 Thus they don't suit.

6.

Perhaps he wants her not to talk ;
Or she, perhaps, wants him to walk,
 While he would write ;
Two uncongenial minds, while such,
Can never (can they ?) have so much
 Mutual delight.

7.

I really think no Poet should,
If he be wise, or would be good,
 So plague his wife ;
But finding that it frets her heart,
With even poetry should part,
 Yes, e'en for life.

8.

Just like a Miser's hoarded treasure,
When poetry's too great a pleasure,
 It then, no doubt,
Becomes like any favourite sin,
And should, when dang'rous found within,
 Be turn'd right out.

9.

But if the poet have good health,
Good nights, good nerves, enough of wealth,
 With such a wife
As would enjoy, and not refuse,
That he should love and court the muse,
 What a bless'd life!

SONNET, ON RETURNING HEALTH.

THOSE who have never keenly felt a pain,
Ne'er fully know the blessedness of ease.
To a worn invalid, the balmy breeze,
Wafted o'er hills, or o'er the fresh'ning plain,
Comes a kind comforter, inspiring joy,
And grateful thanks for slow-returning health.
He, unambitious, does not sigh for wealth,
Nor worldly pleasures, which our peace destroy ;
But, free from pain, enjoys a hallow'd rest.
He suns his heart in Nature's gladdening smiles,
And, 'mid her harmony, each care beguiles ;
Doubtless he then must feel more fully blest
Than had he known no pains, for they, soon past,
Leave health of soul and joys he hopes will last.

TO SAM SLY.

[These Lines were inserted in the "*Bath Journal*," where
his witty effusions constantly appear.]

WHY is your wit so often in the Journal ?
Is it to make them both the more eternal ?
'Tis not my wish its Editor to flatter,
But while your wit buoys up his solid matter,
The Journal gives your wit a weightier worth,
And lends it wings to fly around the earth.
Thus, in their flight, while both are toss'd and
twirl'd
Like kites, on sheets of paper, o'er the world,
A little schoolboy well may understand
How wit, let fly, may still be kept in hand ;
And the whole public here may, doubtless, meet,
From joint exertions, a more mental treat.

How could the Editor himself declare
At th' Institution, when we both were there,
“Mind was not matter,”* when we weekly find
Much solid matter coming from his mind?
No man or writer, from his mental mint,
Should contradict his sayings thus in print.
If mind be really in its nature such,
And so ethereal that it 'scapes the clutch,
How can that matter, over which we linger,
—From your two minds—be held 'tween thumb
and finger?

I grant that mind is never all ideal,
It must indeed be something really real;
Should I describe it, you would justly quiz
What it is not, I know—not what it is.
Now as for wit, 'tis, doubtless, dull enough—
Unless all sparkling, it is horrid stuff;

* Alluding to an excellent lecture on “Matter and Spirit,” given, by the Editor of the Journal, at the Mechanics' Institution, Bath.

Like good champagne, it should o'erflow with spirit,
But still be sound, or else will have no merit.
What it is not, there is no need to tell,
Nor what it is, for that you know quite well ;
Free o'er the world good wit should still resound,
But your's, believe me, should appear *well bound*.

RICHES.

As rains are useful in a gentle shower,
But prove injurious when they thickly pour ;
As goodly fruits, which hang too close we see,
Break down the branches and destroy the tree ;
So mod'rate riches are indeed a friend,
But wealth excessive may to ruin tend.

When Phocian, fam'd for virtue we are told,
 Was sent by Alexander heaps of gold,
 Although he priz'd, he shunn'd the tempting
 store,
 Lest growing rich, he should be good no more;
 'Tis said he lov'd, though he return'd the pelf,
 But (fam'd for virtue) dar'd not trust himself;
 And thus he meekly taught to all mankind
 A useful lesson, with an humble mind.

How oft we find that those who thirst for wealth,
 Relinquish honour, friendship, peace, and health;
 So grasp for gold that, in the sordid strife,
 They clutch the treasure, tho' they lose their life.
 A churlish miser, rich, half starv'd, and pale,
 (An ancient author tells the horrid tale,)
 When a great famine went its deadly rounds
 Sold a scarce mouse for ten good sterling pounds,
 But when the miser, in such sordid mood,
 Had sold the monse, he died for want of food.

While thus we find that some, with hoarded store,
In midst of riches die in search of more,
Others around them are so poor indeed,
They live in wretchedness and die in need.
Oh! could the miser feel the goodly glow
Which mercy yields, when kindly minds bestow,
He'd ope his store, and then be doubly bless'd
In what he gave, and what he still possess'd.
Better in virtuous poverty to live,
Than, being wealthy, want the heart to give;
For the poor man, tho' needing, may feel peace,
But the rich never till his av'rice cease.

How can a man be happy in his heart,
With wealth to spare, who gives the poor no part?
Our time, our talents, property, and powers,
Though we possess them, are not really ours;
“For what have we that we did not receive?”—
’Twas mercy gave, in mercy then relieve;—
And all possessions, rightly understood,
Are but entrusted for the general good.

Whoe'er is found of large estate possess'd,
Is but a guardian for all those distress'd;
Oh! could we all, who e'er in riches roll,
Impress this truth more deeply on the soul,
Wealth so consider'd would have hallow'd worth,
And spread more equal blessings o'er the earth;
Few would know need, would all the affluent give,
And all be bless'd, would each for others live.
But war, ambition, luxury, lust, and pride,
And countless evils sin has wrought beside,
Now drain the riches which the poor so need,
And make the world a wilderness indeed.

SIMILE ON THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

As they, conjoin'd, receiv'd one will at birth
By which, in every action, each is led,
So Faith and Charity should blend on earth,
For, once divided, they would both be dead.

“ Oh for a rope to noose the villain’s neck
Who wrongs the woman he has sworn to love !”

COWPER.

1.

’MONGST all the charms the female sex can boast,
None can supply the place of virtue lost ;
When that’s lur’d off, and innocence is fled,
Beauty’s unlovely—all its power seems dead.

2.

Soon as the fairest flower the garden grows
—The virgin lily, or the blushing rose—
Has lost its sweetness, and its beauteous hue,
Its stem, deserted, soon will wither too.

3.

So hapless woman, when her virtue’s gone,
Shunn’d by the wretch who all her crimes brought
on,
Loses her charms ;—her beauty fades with care,
She lives neglected—dies in deep despair.

TO MRS. F——,

*Who had, many years before, presented me with
a collection of sublime Hymns.*

1.

WHEN now, with op'ning eye, I look
In that too long neglected book
You kindly gave to me,
What rich and sparkling gems appear!—
What heavenly truths, as daylight clear!—
What wond'rous things I see!

2.

As in a glass, I there behold,
Set in a frame of purest gold,
The pearl of greatest worth;
There view the wond'rous wealth of heaven
By boundless love to mortals given
To raise the soul from earth!

3.

The more I gaze, I trace the more
Vast treasures which lie hid before
From my endarken'd eyes :
Transcendant glories far above
My powers enough to praise or love
In quick succession rise !

4.

But tho' my powers are far too faint
The heavenly picture well to paint,
I see its bless'd design ;
Nor shall its beauties all depart,
I'll strive to grave them on my heart,
So make the treasure mine.

5.

Oh ! could we each, and all, unite,
Lift up our souls with fond delight,
Feed on celestial love !
Peace and good will would then abound,
And spread their blended blessings round
In mercy from above !

6.

What friendship's offering could impart
More constant comfort to my heart
Than this kind gift of thine ?
Or who could prove a truer friend
Than thou, who thus that heart would mend
By love and truth divine ?

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN Earth, all lovely, in new brightness shone,
And Time, as yet, had mild, angelic looks ;
When human hearts were goodly, kind, and soft,
And man—at peace—smil'd greetingly on man,—
Earth, bless'd like Eden, one wide altar seem'd,
And breath'd its od'rous incense to the sky.

Men, then, like minded with the angels were,
And with them held communion ; but soon, alas !
The goodly world chang'd with it evil dwellers.
Time haggard grew as man liv'd earthward.
The world we dwell in—perfect tho' at first—
What hath man's low, destructive, passions made it !
A gaol, with walls as high as Babel's Tower,
Wherein we pine, th' oppressing, and th' oppress'd.
Some thoughtless pass a useless life away,
Some hurtful live, and some go raving mad ;
All dwell 'mid sorrow, tho' some live in hope ;
But most still toil to make their prison worse,
And close the shutter, and in darkness dwell !
Yet it is hard for man, do what he will,
To wholly shut all mercy from his soul ;
Where not a mote can enter, angels come,—
In mercy come to man when, steep'd in woe,
He turns repentant ;—yes ! then angels come
To feed with manna, and with peace to bless !

SONNET,

On seeing a young Widow listening to Music.

How pale—how delicate she looks ! as if a storm
Had droop'd her lovely, but too fragile form,
And left her like a snow-drop. In joyous youth,
With all the tenderness of love and truth,
She gave her heart ; and when in Beauty's bloom,
And full of hope, she married. Then, at a blast,
Her joys were blighted—too vivid long to last ;—
The spoiler came, and laid them in the tomb.
But, with the joys, the storms of life have pass'd ;
Now in deep widow'd thought, lonely and calm,
She stands, while music's magic charm
Soothes her wrapt soul, no more with gloom o'ercast ;
And as each heartfelt tone flows sweetly on,
Her thoughts are heavenward, where her hopes are
gone.

A STRANGE INSTANCE OF FANATICISM.

1.

RELIGIOUS Fanatics, however unsound
Their creeds, or their conduct, appear among men,
When heated by much opposition, have found
Still greater delusions attend them just then.

2.

One proof, when in court, a poor Quaker* once
gave,
Who having declar'd he could raise up the dead,
Brought a witness to swear she had been in her
grave,
Till he call'd her to life to confirm what he said.

* His name was Nayler, who, on his trial at Bristol, produced Dorcas Earberry to depose she had been dead two days, and was call'd to life, by him, to appear as a witness at his trial.—See *Grahame's History of the Rise and Progress of the United States*; Vol. I.

ON "CACOETHES SCRIBENDI."

"The curse of writing, is an endless Itch."

DRYDEN.

1.

'Mong all the subjects ever hurl'd,
From various minds, around the world,
There is no publish'd treatise
On that sad plague, which now, no doubt,
Much more than ever spreads about—
I mean the Cacoethes.

2.

'Tis a disorder of the brain,
Which yields each writer mingled pain,—
A pleasure while it teazes,—
An itch to write, which those who've got
Still use, to plague all those who've not
What's call'd the Cacoethes.

3.

Peers, cobblers, taylor—all like Pope—
Think themselves poets, with a hope
That each vain effort pleases ;
While those who read each dull attempt,
Sincerely wish men were exempt
From such a Cacoethes.

4.

Most Epidemics are kept quiet
When fed upon light meagre diet,
Yet this it never eases ;
But pudding cold, and heavy food,
And loads of meat, all richly stew'd,
Are best for Cacoethes.

5.

Whatever muddles most the head,
And thickens well the brain, 'tis said,
Does good in such diseases :
The patient never should drink water,
But swallow quarts of London porter,
To drown the Cacoethes ;—

6.

No bath can ever do him good,
(I doubt if even Lethe would,
To those the fit once seizes,)
The Fount of Castaly, we know,
Would make the mischief overflow,
And spread the Cacoethes.

7.

Not all the med'cines made and puff'd,
Nor pills which down our throats are stuff'd—
Not even Abernethy's;
Nor those of Morison and Son,
Though they such wond'rous things have done,
Can check the Cacoethes.

8.

And should some most ingenious quack
Invent some pills, that would attack
This queerest of diseases,
However savoury he'd make 'em,
They'd not go down—no one would take 'em—
To cure the Cacoethes.

SONNET,

*Supposed to be written by a Husband in reference
to his wife.*

How sad, when all around is still as death,
O'er the lov'd object of our hopes and fears
Night after night to watch—when there appears
Small chance of life,—and her faint, fading breath
But seems to rise, like the last fragrant sigh
Of a lov'd flower, that breathes its sweets to die.
To watch her eyes, clasp'd like a coffin's lid,
Or widely open'd with a vacant stare,
Only to shew that death will soon lie there.
More horrid still, if Nature should forbid
A longer watching, and we sink to rest—
So oft the soother of man's troubled breast—
In startling sleep to dream her life is fled;
Then wake to loneliness, and find her dead.

ON HEARING,
AT A MELLOWING DISTANCE,
THE BATH ABBEY BELLS ON A
SUNDAY MORNING.

1.

HARK!—let us listen to those sabbath bells :

Of peace they tell,

Like angel voices, calling us away

From earthly joys, which bloom but to decay ;

The tuneful swell

Buoys up the thoughts, and much of heaven tells.

2.

For while we listen to the hallow'd strain,

And feel within

God's merey on the soul, a kindly glow

Comes o'er th' expanding heart; humbled, we know

The curse of sin,

And feel the more that godliness is gain.

3.

'Tis well to follow such a holy call;

But sad to know

Thro' darken'd creeds for living light men search,
And wander widely from the Lord's true church;—

Ills which still flow,

And date their origin from man's first fall.

4.

Oh, would mankind more rest their thoughts above!

And could we all

Go, with one spirit, to the house of prayer,
And there on Manna feed! nor sin, nor care

Would so inthral,

Or sever hearts design'd to dwell in love.

5.

A Sabbath of the soul would then be felt:

Each day would be

Alike kept holy,—all occupations then
Would prosper more, were all more goodly men;
And we should see

Men dwell in unity, as once they dwelt.

6.

Is it not sad that man, with reason bless'd,
 And meant his guide—
 Who knows each earthly tie must soon be gone,
 And feels eternity fast coming on—
 Should still confide
 His hopes to Time, nor seek celestial rest?

7.

Why limit pleasures to earth's narrow scope?
 And why to Time
 Bound the soul's bliss?—when to the human race
 Duration infinite, and boundless space,
 And joys sublime,
 Are offered for the soul freely to range like Hope.

8.

Let the soul range at large! On liberty alone
 The Heavens rest.
 “Jerusalem, which is above, is free,”
 So mercy wills that all mankind should be;
 Should all be blest,
 And the whole world one Lord and Saviour own.

THE POET'S PETITION.

(A PARODY.)

1.

PITY the sorrows of a poor young man,
Whose dwindling cash now leads him to implore ;
Whose rhymes are lengthen'd to the longest span,
Oh ! buy his book, and you'll increase his store.

2.

His meagre rhyme sad poverty bespeaks ;
His grief-worn looks might move a lawyer's tears ;
Not many a dainty 'tween his hollow cheeks,
Has pass'd the channel which therein appears.

3.

His room, erected on an upper floor,
No tempting comfort has for his abode ;
For poverty resides within his door,
And he has nought magnificently good.

4.

Hard is the fate of the poor Poet, who
Writes for a morsel—not of fame, but bread ;
No pamper'd menial waits on him, we know,
To have great wages, or be highly fed.

5.

Oh! buy his book! And, when you're snugly
home,
Read thro' the whole—each tale is sadly told,—
Short is each story, for the thoughts will roam,
When he who writes them, only writes for gold.

6.

Could he have veal, rich sauces, or roast beef,
Or fine hot harrico to warm his breast,*
He now would not, so cold, implore relief,
By sale of verses wretchedly express'd.

* “ Could he reveal the sources of his grief,
“ Or soft humanity e'er warm'd your breast.”

7.

Heavens! what misfortune to be fond of rhyme!
'Tis that brings poets to the state you see;
Or his condition might have been quite prime,
But, child of song, he grew to poverty.

8.

A little taste was his unlucky lot:
Up with the lark he sung, in verse, each morn;
But now in sad distress he suffers for't—
His rhymes wont sell, and he is left forlorn.

9.

His son, half starv'd, tho' yet of tender age,
Learns all the verses which he hears at home,
While fondly reading each poetic page,
To be a poet seems the poor boy's doom.

10.

His sickly wife, sad increase to his cares,
Shrinks with sad horror when she sees him write
Verse after verse; for she, poor thing, declares
She finds in poetry no great delight.

11.

Pity the sorrows of a poor young man,
Whose dwindling cash now leads him to implore;
Whose rhymes are lengthen'd to the longest span,
Oh! buy his book, and thus increase his store.

A CHILD'S PLEASURES, AND A
FATHER'S THOUGHTS.

1.

PAPA, may I go with Mamma, for two hours,
To gather some cowslips and pretty field flowers;
The primrose, and daisy, and bright butter-cup,
And all the wild posies we like to pick up?

2.

Oh! yes, my dear Henry, go, and I pray
Gather all that you can in youth's flowery way;

For the time will soon come, like the close of the
year,

When the flowers will be scarce, and more thorns
will appear.

3.

And Papa, shall I take with me my pretty boat,
And on the broad meadow stream there let it float?
For should the wind blow, and my boat be much
toss'd,

If I just pull the check-string, it cannot be lost.

4.

Oh yes, my dear Henry, there let it glide,
For youth there is mostly a prosperous tide;
When manhood advances, more storms will assail—
More check you will need when more dangers
prevail.

5.

Or, Papa, shall I carry my nice wooden gun?
To shoot peas at swallows is excellent fun;
And you know, dear Papa, if I happen to hit,
Away flies the bird, and don't mind it a bit.

6.

Oh yes, my dear Henry, those guns do no harm,
Such warfare of youth has an innocent charm;
But in war, when a man, you must ne'er take
delight,
Except 'tis in meekness, to "fight the good fight."

7.

But Papa, if you'd rather, I'll take my new kite,
'Tis really, when mounting, a beautiful sight;
It will fly like a bird, till so high and so small,
It will almost appear to be nothing at all.

8.

Oh yes, my dear Henry, your kite, when it flies,
Will carry your thoughts, while in youth, to the
skies,
Oh! there may they dwell; for in manhood you'll
find,
While your thoughts are above, you will have peace
of mind.

A SONNET.

[The following Lines were written a few week's after my poor Wife's most dangerous illness, when she was so near death, that all hope of her surviving had nearly left me.]

YES, dearest Mary, we will bless the hour
When kindly struck, by God's Almighty power;
For, though it laid thee prostrate on thy bed,
And thou to me seem'd as a dying flower,
The blow was merciful! and soon, once more,
With gentle hand, he rais'd thy drooping head.
Now, with our souls as prostrate as before
Thy poor weak body lay, we will adore
The undeserved mercy, which has led
Our hearts in unison to feed on truth. Thy danger's o'er;
And what afflictions we may yet endure,
Around our path such heavenly gleams will shed,
That, in submission, we will kiss the rod,
Which bows our wills, and lifts our souls to God.

A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO
W. SAMMONS, ESQ.

*Who was constantly contributing Scraps to
different Periodical publications, under
the signature of "Sam Sly."*

"I lose my patience, and I own it too,"
When worth and talent don't produce their due.

A KING of Egypt, so the story goes,
For I have lately seen the tale in prose,
Knowing how greatly music always tends
To charm the mind, and pleasure yield to friends,
Had nine Circassian beauties kept in pay,
Whose mirth and music whil'd each care away.
So the nine Muses seem employ'd by you,
To cheer the heart and charm the fancy too;
And, while they sweetly soothe your vacant hours,
With much *good humour* they enliven ours.

Could I, like you, with envied wit rehearse,
So write in prose, or pleasure yield in verse;
With copious matter and amusing jest,
Pour forth new thoughts, or old ones better dress'd,
In some good sterling work I'd boldly dash,
To gain, with glory, yet more solid cash.

Fame is a treasure Poets ne'er refuse,
But cash to most would be of greater use.
Why is the path of Poets seldom sunny?
One reason is, because they need more money.
A golden spur the finest wits inspire,
And bids success, wherever found, mount higher,
(A fresh'ning breeze still lifts the gallant prow,
Which, when becalm'd, will stoop again as low.)
Terence, with friends, when fortune smil'd, was
 bless'd;
But even Scipio left him when distress'd;
Sunk in despair, when he, at last, was poor,
He died neglected on a foreign shore.

Why should you give your talent and your time,
In scraps, to those who well might buy your rhyme?
What public singer ever charms the ear,
Unless well paid for what we gladly hear?
Where is the stream, whose liquid music flows,
That not enriches as it smoothly goes?
Would larks and linnets sing so sweet or long
Had they your reason, and none bought their song?
But e'en the feath'ry minstrels' melting strain,
Is turn'd, melodious, into useful gain;
For when their wild and plaintive lays are heard,
To have the song, men buy the warbling bird.
Which sing the sweetest are the quickest sold,
And turn the soonest all their *notes* to *gold*;
But hapless poets, and best versifiers
Oft sing for life, and die for want of buyers.

But to be serious, tho' I'm fond of fun,
And love, like you, good humour and a pun,
Who thirst for riches, or who seek for fame
Beyond sound reason, are, I think, to blame.

A proper quantum, or a mod'rate dose,
No doubt is wholesome, and of gen'ral use ;
But some there are, the terræ filii breed,
(I fear a very numerous class indeed,)
So love this luscious, rich, and dangerous diet,
They cause repletion, and destroy their quiet.
A quantum sufficit is very well,
But what that is, what mortal, pray, can tell ?
I've had enough's extremely hard to say
When gold or glory glitters in our way ;
And tho' at riches sound divines will scoff,
If offer'd more, would they themselves walk off ?
We most should like enough to purchase ease,
But what that is depends upon degrees ;
What's large to some, to some may small appear,
And this depending on our different sphere.
But let me shew by facts—their nature such—
That, whether men have little, or have much,
Without religion, which our guide was meant,
The poor want comfort, and the rich content.

Two loving brothers, natives of Louvain,
With dread of poverty, and thirst for gain,
Losing their wealth, in life could find no charms,
So stabb'd each other in each other's arms.

Another poor man, being past all hope,
To flee from poverty, once took a rope,
And, near the tree whereon he meant to hang,
Found a full purse, with which away he ran.
But the rich miser who had plac'd it there,
Finding it gone, was plung'd in deep despair;
Seiz'd on the rope the poor man left behind,
And, like John Hobbs, soon dangled in the wind.
In facts like these mankind are, doubtless, told,
Tho' poor, despair not, but ne'er trust in gold;
For none, whate'er they find in life's queer cup,
Should be cast down, or be *so lifted up*.

Now what is fame, for which you Poets write?
An ignis fatuus, or bewild'ring light—

A bright delusion, tempting to betray—
A brilliant dream, which dies too soon away.
Can any feel it? No; its nature's such,
'Tis so ætherial, it evades the touch;
And all who seek it do in vain pursue,
For, like a phantom, it escapes from view.
What eyes behold not, what no grasp can bound,
Must be, like echo, all an airy sound;
A soft repeater, which, indeed, appears
The sweetest "music to attending ears."
But he who would its fleeting charm portray
Should paint a rainbow as it fades away;
Or shew a bubble, swelling but to burst,
Which floats awhile till soon in air dispers'd.

The noblest minds will never stoop for fame,
It seeks to crown them, but is not their aim;
A goodlier object, with a kindly force,
Impels them onward in their glorious course;
Which, like a bounteous stream, where'er it flows,
Still useful runs, and gladdens as it goes.

Thus may your wit, and all your powers, my
friend,

While still they charm, to goodly uses tend ;
Waste not in scraps your time and talents rare,
Turn them to use, improve them still with care. /
Ne'er look for fame, with worthier ends in view,
Write a good work, then fame must follow you ;
So to the world your worth and name make known,
While shades congenial kindly veil my own. *

Signed

UMBRÆ.

PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE
103RD. PSALM.

1.

LIKE as a father pitieth all
The children of his love,
Whene'er with filial fear they call,
So doth the Lord above.

* This poetic address was written in May, 1836, when I had no intention of publishing my Poems.

2.

He knoweth well our feeble frame,
Rememb'reth we are dust;
Oh! let us love and fear His name,
In Him is all our trust.

3.

As for frail man, his days, as grass,
But flourish as a flower,
O'er which the wind doth quickly pass—
Its place is known no more.

4.

But the Lord's mercy doth endure
From everlasting, still;
And, like His righteousness, is sure
To all who do His will.

FIRE-SIDE ENQUIRIES.

1.

WHENE'ER I think that I am freed
From many sorrows which, indeed,
Make better hearts than mine to bleed,

I then enquire

Why so much happier seems my lot
Than those who, I observe, have not
The many blessings I have got

Around my fire?

2.

A peaceful home, a wife, and child,
By whom my cares are oft beguil'd,
Are blessings which, while they have smil'd,

 Bid me enquire

Why these, and many comforts more,
So many, I can't count them o'er,
Should thus on me so thickly pour
 Around my fire?

3.

And tho' my health is often such
To grieve my poor wife very much,
And I have pains can't bear the touch,

 I still enquire

Why these kind trials only prove,
By feelings they are apt to move,
Still more endearing marks of love

 Around my fire?

4.

While thus I find each joy or smart
Still brings some comfort to my heart,
No discontent shall there have part,

While I enquire,
And find, for ev'ry wound a balm,
That ev'ry storm still leaves a calm,
And all thro' life I'll find some charm
Around my fire.

5.

The good old Cotter, bless'd, tho' poor,
Each ev'ning, when his labour's o'er,
Will read his bible half an hour

Ere he retire ;
With grateful heart, to soothe his cares,
Will think of heaven and say his prayers ;
And hear, perhaps, his children their's ;
Round his small fire.

6.

And, Mary, should not we read our's,
Who have to spare so many hours?
And if the light on us more pours,

It should inspire
Ourselves and child—as they do their's—
With humble thanks to say our prayers,
Think more of heaven, with fewer cares,
Around our fire.

7.

Who lives to God will always find,
Whate'er his trials, peace of mind—
A heart in charity with all mankind;

And no desire
But what, if granted, would be found
To cause no neighbour's heart a wound;
But would still bring more blessings round
His cheerful fire.

TO A FRIEND,

*With a copy of Collins's beautiful Picture, called
"Feeding the Robin," in which several Chil-
dren are seen from some Cottages throwing it
crumbs of bread.*

How much this scene, with peaceful cot and flowers,
Reminds the heart of childhood's happy hours,
Which came with innocence, of transient stay,
Then pass'd too soon, like heavenly dreams, away!
Pleas'd with the present, heedless of the past,
And not e'en thinking if such bliss would last,
Our infant days, like rapid waves, mov'd on,—
Joys came so fast, we miss'd them not when gone!
To watch the Robin, while it ventur'd near
With simple song, which charm'd the infant ear;
With gentle hand to trickle crumbs of bread,
And tempt it nearer, that it might be fed,—

Had then a charm no time can e'er efface,
Nor I forget while mem'ry holds her place;—
A charm so simple can be known no more,
Yet yields a pleasure while we think it o'er.

In that pure state, we knew not sin was nigh :
'Twas joy to live, and 'twould be heaven to die.
Blest age of innocence ! life's only calm !
A heavenly type, which had a spotless charm !
When each wing'd hour some pure-born pleasure
brought,
Which Mercy gave, and childhood found unsought,
With mirthful hearts, how little dreamt we then
Of all the sorrows we have known as men !—
How little thought, when all seem'd smiling round,
War in the soul or world would e'er be found !

SOMETHING FROM NOTHING.

1.

WHILE my mind's in a jingling mood at this time,
I'd fain write on something well worthy of rhyme ;
But as nothing appears, and the fit I can't smother,
My subject is " Nothing," for want of some other.

2.

Take nothing from nothing, and nothing remains,
So I cannot expect to have much for my pains ;
'Tis an absence from something, I cannot tell what,
And how to shew nothing I really know not.

3.

If once I could see it, or even if I
Could fancy I saw it, to sketch it I'd try ;
But not a Corregio, or Claude, you would find
Could paint what escapes both the eye and the mind,

4.

It is not a vacuum—that has, no doubt,
Got space in the inside, and more on the out ;
But nothing, like bald-headed fools, I declare
Is empty inside—on the out quite as bare.

5.

So where to find nothing, I really can't tell :
It escapes the sight, hearing, the touch, thought,
and smell ;
Who seeks for its dwelling, I'm bold to declare
Might as well look for lions' dens up in the air.

6.

Yet some keen philosophers (wond'rous wise !)
Have found, with their sharp, microscopical eyes,
A something in nothing, which somehow unfurl'd
And produc'd out of nothing the whole of this world.

7.

The heavens, earth, ocean, moon, stars, and the sun,
These learned men say, out of nothing have sprung ;
I confess that in logic I'm such a great fool,
I can't comprehend the philosophers' rule.

8.

For nothing could never make something, because
Nothing, then, must have acted before something
was :

A direct contradiction, which any school-boy
In a moment would see, had he thought to employ.

9.

That “nothing is lost,” is really quite true—
Not a particle’s gone since the world was made new ;
I suppose when from nothing the learned thought fit
To make the whole world, they us’d up ev’ry bit ;

10.

Or else when for nothing we look, we should find
Some part these philosophers left us behind ;
But nothing is left, and I now must deplore
I can’t, out of nothing, now make something more.

.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

1.

A CAT, in her travels, once met with a trap,
In which was a poor little Mouse,
And, seeming to pity the captive's mishap,
Said, I fear you've a comfortless house.

2.

I came in the darkness of night, the Mouse said,
(For it knew not the ways of the world,)
To pick up a small piece of cheese, or some bread,
And for that into prison was hurl'd.

3.

And such is my sorrowful state and condition,
That the little I found is all fled,
And, unless some kind friend will quick bring me
provision,
I soon—very soon shall be dead.

4.

Then the Cat, with a soothing and tremulous tone,
Seeming griev'd at the captive's distress,
Said, if food's all you want, I'll procure you some
soon,
And soon make your sufferings less.

5.

Away went the treacherous Cat for the food,
And return'd with a large piece of cheese;
And, when near the narrow-wire trap the Cat stood,
It said—Come, Friend, and eat what you please.

6.

The poor little hungry Mouse, almost dead,
Thrust its head thro' the wires for to eat,
When the villainous Cat seiz'd the Mouse by the
head,
Which yielded an excellent treat.

MORAL.

This should teach us with caution to trust any one,
Who, unknown, like the Cat, seems our friend;
For many a man, like the Mouse, is undone
By a friendship which serves its own end.

The following Lines must be supposed to be written by a Father on the Anniversary of the Birth Day of his natural Daughter, whose Mother he did not marry for some years after the Daughter was born.

1.

YES, 'tis thy birth-day ! and a tear will start
While thus I muse upon thy natal morn ;
And dare not breathe to thy unconscious heart,
The bitter pangs by which my own is torn.

2.

Thou little think'st whene'er, with tender care,
Thou oft art fondled on thy mother's knee,
And I thy cherish'd, warm affection share,
How much I've injur'd both herself and thee !

3.

I wrong'd thy mother ere she gave thee birth ;
Impair'd the prospects which to thee belong'd ;
Thus injur'd most whom most I love on earth,
Now most am lov'd by those I most have wrong'd.

4

While thus I muse upon thy natal day,
With keen remorse I'm justly doom'd to smart;
Peace for awhile seems banish'd far away,
And thoughts, distracting, wound thy father's
heart.

5.

How could I waste so many years of life—
Torture a heart which proves to mine so true !
Refrain so long from making her my wife,
Who fondly lov'd me, and deserves me too !

6

Thou ne'er wilt know the pangs it cost my soul,
When pride oppos'd me, and I warr'd with sin ;
Till Mercy freed me from their eurs'd controul,
And burst the fetters which they bound me in.

7

But now, thank God, in love connubial bound,
Her home is happy, and her heart at rest ;
And thou, whom long a painful care I found,
Art happy, too, and I thus doubly bless'd.

8

How just and merciful are God's decrees !

How kind the process, tho' it seems severe !
Estrang'd from Him, we roll in troubled seas,
But turn repenting, and what joys appear !

9

Afflictions are but mercies in disguise—

Clouds which drop manna, and then clear away ;
They come like showers, that goodly fruits may
rise,

Then leave the soul in calmer, brighter day.

10

Oh ! who would covet a whole life of ease,

When all our trials are by goodness given ;
To lead the soul by needful, kind, degrees,
Through paths of sorrow to the joys of heaven !

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT.

A FEARFUL storm with morning clear'd away,
Leaving the ev'ning calm. Cloudless was the night ;
And on the Ocean's lap the sportive waves
—Like mirthful children, tir'd of their play—
Had rock'd themselves to rest. No sound was
heard ;

And Nature, hush'd, enjoy'd a sweet repose.
Thousands of stars begemm'd the sparkling sea ;
When, like a spirit from the “vasty deep,”
Came forth a lone barque, with her snow-white sails
Flapping like huge swan wings. Mov'd by the tide,
Onward she glided near the silent shore,
Where, in a cavern, unobserv'd, I watch'd
A lovely female, anxious in her look,
Stand statue-like while gazing on the barque.

Then rose the moon, majestically grand ;
And I observ'd that, from the vessel's side,
Push'd off a boat, which, as it near approach'd,
Turn'd the lone female beautifully pale :

She heard the warbling of a sweet ton'd flute ;
And, while she answer'd with her sweeter voice,
She seem'd, to me, breathing a vow of love
Too pure for earth, which, ere it died away,
Charm'd Echo caught, and wing'd it up to heaven.
The boat came nearer to the pebbled beach,
Where the lov'd female stood : Her lover, then,
(With joy beholding all he priz'd on earth)
Became impatient for the wish'd embrace ;
And, never heeding that he could not swim,
Plung'd in the ocean, where he soon was sav'd.

IMPROMPTU.

*On the Death of Mrs. S.'s only Daughter, ten
weeks old.*

GRIEVE not, dear Mother, for thy favour'd child,
When death seem'd frowning, it was mercy smil'd ;
Tho' few my days, oh ! think how greatly blest,
So short a journey to eternal rest !

FRAGMENT.

LIFE is indeed a bustling, rugged stage,
Whose rapid changes soon lead on to age ;
Some seem to dream till half the journey's o'er,
Then ope their eyes, and wish they'd woke before.
Great part of life, with folly blindly pass'd,
Leaves much for wisdom to undo at last ;
Youth hoards up errors man would fain controul,
But, grown to manhood, sin assaults the soul ;
In riper years, self makes the heart a hell,
And fills the space where heavenly love should
 dwell.

Thus all self knowledge we can glean from birth
Is just to know that we are nothing worth ;
Our insufficiency may prove, indeed,
How much God's all-sufficiency we need ;

And, that discover'd, we shall find, at length,
Our greatest weakness is our greatest strength.

Happy, indeed, if we, throughout, could trace
A useful journey, with improving pace ;
Could look around o'er all life's varied scene—
Behold no waste, nor darkness intervene ;
Then end our journey with a mind at ease,
Pay the last fare, and close our eyes in peace !

A THOUGHT ON BENEVOLENCE.

As those who care but for themselves
Have pleasures, tho' but small,
What boundless pleasures they must have
Who, god-like, care for all !

AN ENIGMA.

1.

Tho' I, like a monarch, you'll find have been
crown'd,

I sometimes am seen in the humblest cot ;

Tho', like Age, I am almost bow'd down to the
ground,

Still my use in this nation will ne'er be forgot.

2.

As Paddy would say, I'm a tight little awning,

Of mighty great sarvice wherever I've dwelt ;

And my exit, I'm sure, would cause gen'ral mourn-
ing,

For my loss to mankind would be very much felt.

TO MY YOUNG NIECES AND NEPHEW.

1.

MAY Maria, and Anna, and Laura, and Kate,
Mamma, little Freddy, and Fred'rick the Great,
Be always quite happy, and all their years flow
Like smooth summer waves when light zephyrs
blow.

2.

But Maria, and Anna, and Laura, and Fred,
And dear little Kate, too, I still have a dread
Will not find all their years can so peacefully pass,
Or that life's chequer'd ocean is always like glass.

3.

Then may they love virtue, true wisdom, and truth,
And seek for those treasures while yet in their
youth;
For these, if life's storms come, will act as a balm,
And, amidst its rough billows, keep all their minds
calm.

IMPROMPTU.

On hearing an excellent Lecture, by Mr. JAMES KEENE, on “Matter and Spirit,” in which the great Book of Nature was frequently referred to.

WE need not, for “matter and spirit,” to look
Through Nature’s great work, I declare,
They are seen in your lecture—its miniature book—
Both matter and spirit are there.

A REMEDY FOR IRELAND.

WERE Ireland’s resources more evenly spread,
And her people, unshackled, could get at more
food,
Their hearts set at rest, ’twould no longer be said
Pat-riotism reign’d where patriotism should.

LINES,

*Written at the request of a fair Friend, for the
Title-Page of her Album.*

THIS Album now seems like an infant's mind,
Where all is blank, and not a thought we find ;
And, as a child by Nature kindly taught,
Opes its pure mind to catch each coming thought,
Till, still expanding, grasping all it can,
The infant mind becomes the mind of man ;
So this blank book, where Fancy soon will sport,
Unfolds its leaves to clasp each varied thought,
Till growing bulky with each added store,
Like the full mind, this book will hold no more ;
'Twill then be like neglected Age itself,
Worn out with thought, and laid upon the shelf.

While thus I muse, and, musing, thus recite
To please the fair—for Beauty bids me write—

Fain would I boast the Poet's envied art
To charm the fancy, and improve the heart;
But tho' I court, I cannot win, the Muse,
She'll yield in part, but still in part refuse,
Else I'd not thus, in dull and drowsy verse,
My still more dull and drowsy thoughts rehearse.

Now let me, Reader, beg, whoe'er thou art,
To grace these pages you'll some gem impart;
Here twine some wreath, and let your fancy play;
To please the fair, some tuneful tribute pay:
Impart some scrap, or choice poetic bit,
Grave, droll, or witty, as you deem most fit;
We each, and all, should leave some thought
 behind,
To charm, enlarge, or mend the human mind.

A SURFEIT OF SWEETS.

'Tis sweet to hear the tuneful hum of bees,
Like zephyrs, whisp'ring thro' the trembling trees ;
To see the moonbeams tip, with silvery light,
The ocean, slumb'ring in the arms of night ;
To hear the music of a murm'ring rill,
Or tinkling sheepbell, when all else is still ;
For weary Pilgrims, when oppress'd with heat,
To slumber calmly in a cool retreat ;
But sweeter far, the seaman's danger o'er,
The smile that greets him on his native shore.

FRAGMENT.

WHILE thousands toil, and each long day employ
In hoarding riches they may ne'er enjoy ;

While others, restless, seek the bubble Fame,
Which bursts, if touch'd, and leaves an empty
name ;

Beyond this world how few will cast their eye,
Or seek for peace, that they may calmly die !

Man needs no monitor to tell him this—
That fleeting joys have no substantial bliss ;
Wealth, honours, power, he knows can ne'er supply
The soul with comfort, when he needs must die.
Man finds them fleeting yet, his folly's such
He grasps at shadows with a madman's clutch.

Time, with his scythe, proclaims all flesh is grass,
And mows down mortals as the moments pass !
Fame, with its trump, up-lauds men to the skies,
They turn to dust, and all their glory dies !
Hope dips her pencil in each rainbow hue,
And pictures prospects we in vain pursue ;
While all the pleasures sin can yield mankind
But charm the heart, to leave some curse behind.

TEARS, A RELIEF TO WOMAN.

THE more kind nature's work we scan,
The kinder proves her goodly plan,
In ev'ry providence we trace
Some good, each seeming ill t' efface ;
Thus, tho' 'tis sad for man to know
Dear woman's tears so often flow,
We have the comfort to believe,
The grief they flow from they relieve.
Whenever, therefore, she appears
To be, like Niobe, all tears,
Tho' I can't bear to see her drop 'em,
Perhaps it would be wrong to stop 'em ;
For, as the softer sex have got
Most of their feelings burning hot—
Those pretty water-spouts, their eyes,
(Fountains their will at need supplies)

Do, when dear woman's heart's on fire,
Seem engines given to supply her
With water, which, there is no doubt,
Will help to put the fire out.

Those pearly drops, from woman's grief,
Not only yield a cool relief,
But (as the sweetly blooming rose,
Just after rain, more lovely grows,)
Moisten her charms, (o'er which they flow)
And bid them bloom with softer glow.
But, tho' we find the fairest flower
Made lovelier by each gentle shower,
It's charm would still be incomplete,
Without enliv'ning beams and heat.
Thus, goodly Nature, it appears
Gives woman smiles as well as tears,
(A wise, but very artful plan)
T' insure her conquest over man.

TO DR. J——,

In allusion to a most puzzling rhapsody, in verse, which he addressed to “Woman,” in a Bath Newspaper, wherein he poetically replied to my Lines on “A Journey through the Wilderness,” (found at page 91, herein,) from which he inferred I was an infidel.

YOUR lines, on Woman, all discover
You are, indeed, her ardent lover;
So sentimental and romantic,
Fir'd by your theme, you seem quite frantic.
From fiercest flame comes purest ore;
And, while you woman so adore,
Your heart must be like red-hot iron,
Or how could you write so like Byron?
While thus you woman's charms reveal,
And so much inspiration feel;

Can paint so well her mind within,
As if you'd look'd right thro' her skin;
You should, like Buckingham, go tours,
For no description equals your's—
So chaste, so classic, fine, and florid,
It makes e'en Ovid's read quite horrid;
And if your lines were shown Tom Moore,
He'd own the best of his were poor.

We often find, 'tis really sad,
That Genius, fir'd by Love, goes mad;
But none on woman so well write,
As those she has bewilder'd quite;
It, therefore, is your bounden duty,
To give the world some work on beauty;
And as men write a better book,
Who closest to their subject look,
Put yourself near dear woman's flashes,
And, when you're almost scorch'd to ashes,
Her picture, from your burning brain,
Will be enamell'd, and remain.

No Time would wear th' impression out,
(Fix'd, like your fame, when shewn about,)
The world would think it quite a gem—
A pearl in Beauty's diadem.

Do write such book, then, I conjure you,
'Twould do so much good, I assure you ;
Licentious celibacy, then,
Would not be so in vogue with men ;
For while your thoughts on woman soar,
Beyond whate'er was thought before,
(Indeed, so pure, and far above
Whate'er was ever dreamt of Love,)
Your fine description would, no doubt,
Like wild-fire, soon be spread about ;
And men no more would single tarry,
But would reform, and gladly marry.

Before we part, take one kind hint,
Because there is much meaning in't :

In your description mind you try,
With all your skill, to paint the eye;
Perhaps you think you need not write,
To throw on Beauty's eyes more light;
Yet let them be your sparkling theme,
For then, however dull you seem,
Their brightness will our thoughts engage,
And throw some light on your dark page.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER,

*Written on the Sixth Anniversary of the day of
his Death.*

WHILE, o'er the memory of one so lov'd,
I sit me down in solitude to muse,
Fain would I pour a tributary strain,
And tell thy virtues in a lasting lay.

Needless my weak attempt!—to thee, I know,
Vain is all human praise;—thy deeds outshine,
Like streams of light, my feeble, short-liv'd praise,
For thine were deeds of charity and love—
Of silent, useful, unpretending worth,
Too little known on earth, nor priz'd enough;
But wrote, in sunbeams, in the realms above,
Where all thy virtues, in unclouded light,
Now brightly bloom, amid eternal joys!

Six teeming years, like full-fraught dreams, have
pass'd,
Since, in that spot, so long thy peaceful home,
I gaz'd upon thee, coffin'd o'er in death;
And deeply mourn'd, altho' I did not weep.
Grief had no tear for me! as if my heart,
So full of cherish'd sorrow for thy loss,
Would spare no drop of what it priz'd so much.
Yet often since, when Time, with balmy wing,
Had partly sooth'd away the pang I felt,

I've mus'd and wept o'er all that gloomy scene
Which fancy still, with painful feeling, paints.

. In the same room
Where death so quickly ended all thy cares,
And loos'd thy soul to take its rest in heaven,
My long-lost mother clos'd her dying eyes;
And I, and all thy children, there had birth.
Her I cannot remember: How sad the thought
To know so little of a mother's love
As not to feel afflicted at her death!
Yet oft, with outstretch'd memory, I've tried
To bring her gentle form once more to view,
But all in vain I've rack'd my aching thoughts.
To me she seems as she had never been;
Yet I remember on the morn she died,
It touch'd my infant heart to see thee weep,
And pace thy room in silence and in tears.

. Strange state of feeling,
To know no grief when such a mother died,
And yet to weep to see a father's tears !
But now thy spirit dwells in calmer scenes ;
While I, poor wand'rer on a darksome way,
—Like a toss'd bark, that seeks a peaceful port—
Still shape my course o'er all life's stormy waves,
In hopes, at last, to find the rest I seek.
Death's countless doors are ever op'ning wide :
When, how, or where, I shall an entrance find—
Whether consumption, or some quick dispatch,
Or the infirmities of lengthen'd years,
Are destin'd sure to drop me in the grave, .
Kindly is hidden from me ; perhaps decline
Will slowly lead me to the door of death—
The only portal to eternal rest.
But when, or how we die, it matters not,
If, like the faithful sailor on his watch,
True to our trust, we wait th' appointed hour,
Till the sand's out, and we are call'd away.

Oh, why should man so fondly cling to life!
And e'en in age, when those he lov'd are gone,
And earth's gay, glitt'ring joys are fading fast,
Still cling to life, and dread th' approach of death!
For when the bustling storm is nearly spent,
And the chief danger of the voyage o'er,
What joy to enter at the haven's mouth,
Where all is calm, and tempests rage no more!
Who, when the promis'd prize is full in view,
Trembles to think that he has reach'd the goal?
Surely such fears are needless to the good.
If we, while living, let God dwell with us,
God, when we die, will let us dwell with him;
Justice is satisfied when man repents
And lives to virtue, loathing ev'ry sin.
Born in a world where none can guiltless die,
If not for penitents, for whom is heaven?
How can a God of Love torment a soul
That seeks, repenting, all its peace from Him?
Or how can anger flow from perfect love?

Mercy is ever glad to bless the soul—
To pour its balm into the wounded mind,
And fill the penitent with hope and peace;
Still death appals the mind; and man will mourn
When those he lov'd, however good, are gone.
How often, since thine own lamented death,
I've mourn'd a blessing I ne'er priz'd enough,
And griev'd to think I did not love thee more!
Ah! what avails it now to moralize
On all the happiness I might have known
Had I but added, as I ought, to thine!
But there was one who, knowing, priz'd thy worth;
Whose heart, in wedded unison with your's,
Found all her happiness so mix'd with thine
That life no longer has its wonted charm;
And only death can end the grief she feels.
Oh! how could I so often cause thee pain,
When, too unmindful of thy kind reproofs,
Or disregarding thy paternal love,
I had the power to soothe and comfort thee!

But all through life our happiness we mar :
From poison'd fountains no sweet waters flow ;
Sin in the heart, corrupted at the core,
Taints with pollution the whole stream of life,
And e'en our best affections thus are warp'd.
Youth hoards up errors for our age to mend ;
But, grown to manhood, sin assaults us more,
And fills the space where God alone should dwell ;
But ev'ry error kindly leaves regret,
For 'tis in sorrow that the soul is fed.
Care is the lot of all ! and happy they
Who see, in chastisement, a love divine,
And turn each sorrow to its proper use.
Ah ! what is life ?—and what, alas ! is man,
That, so unmindful of eternal things,
He toils for joys he cannot find in time,
And risks the peace of his immortal soul ?
Thus, while he snatches at each fleeting joy,
And grasps at shadows with a madman's clutch,
He seems a maniac, and the world a stage,

Whereon he blindly plays his idiot tricks,
Till God has touch'd his heart :—then all is chang'd :
His eyes, anointed, he is blind no more,
But, with interior light, sees all thing new.
“ Light from the eye the understanding shuts,
But understanding from the light opes wide the
eye,”

And gives unbounded treasures to the view.
No longer now he grasps at empty joys,
Which burst like bubbles, and go off in air ;
But, aiming only at substantial bliss,
He pants for pleasures which improve the heart ;
Seeks peace, and finds it ; he lives in charity ;
Thirsts for the living waters, and drinks deep
At the pure fountain of eternal truth.

His soul is hungry for the bread of life ;
No longer he, like Ephraim, feeds on wind,
But seeks and feeds upon immortal love.
Oh, envied—happy state ! for tho' his life
(Wherein he finds a charm unknown before,)

Seems a hard contest for the joys of heaven,
Yet bless'd is he who struggles for the prize !
He *hath* eternal life—the prize is his—
The kingdom's in his heart, for God dwells there,—
The noblest temple for Jehovah Lord,
Who did himself, in boundless love for man,
Form, fill, and perfect it for bliss supreme !

Oh, Truth !—eternal sunshine of the soul !—
Who gnid'st poor Pilgrims thro' a darksome way,
And giv'st each worshipper unfading peace ;
And thou, oh, Charity ! without whose aid
Truth in the mind would, unenliven'd, droop ;—
Pour thy bless'd, mingled beams into my eyes,
That streams of living light may clear away
All cold and deadly darkness from my soul !
Lead me—oh ! lead me, ye unerring guides,
And keep me steadfast in the path of life ;
That, whether adverse winds, or prosp'rous, blow,
Joy fill my heart, or sorrow bid it bleed,

I may an even, onward course pursue,
By ye directed, and by ye upheld.
Mingle thy mercies in each wounded mind;
Pierce thro' each dark, revive each drooping soul,
Incline each heart to feel thy wedded love,
And spread it equally o'er all the earth,
That the whole world in harmony may dwell,
And find that peace which none without can know!

FINIS.

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Mrs Hibbert,	ditto	ditto		1

I

Joshua Ingham, esq., Blake Hall, Mirfield, Yorkshire				2
J. T. Ingham, esq., Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple, London				4
Mrs. Joshua Ingham, Knowle House, Mirfield, Yorkshire				2
John Arthur Ikin, esq., Leeds,		ditto		1
Stephen Iveson, esq., 19, Brock-street, Bath				2

J

Mrs. Jackson, Bracon Hall, Norfolk				1
Mrs. Jacobb, Bath				1
Mrs. Jones, Stapleton, Cheltenham				1
Miss Jones,	ditto	ditto		1
Miss Charlotte Jones, ditto ditto				1
Mr. Jordan, Teignmouth, Devon				1

K

Lady Kerrison, Oakley Park, Suffolk	..	...		1
Lady Mary Keith, 34, Green Park Buildings, Bath				1

Colonel Kingston, 19, Promenade Villas, Cheltenham		6
Mrs. Hayes, Stoke Newington		 1
Mrs. Kennett, Dawlish, Devon		 1
Mr. James Keene, Norfolk Buildings, Bath		 2
Mr. John Keene, Kingsmead-street, ditto		 2
Miss Kitson, Mirfield, Yorkshire		 1
Mr. C. B. Keeling, 3, Charles-street, Bath		 1

L.

J. E. Lester, esq., M.P. Manningham Hall, near Leeds, York- shire				 1
Rev. N. T. O. Leman, Brampton Hall, Wangford, Suffolk				 4
Mrs. Leman,	ditto		ditto	 2
Rev. G. Leman,	ditto		ditto	 4
Miss Leman,	ditto		ditto	 1
Miss Susan L. Leman,	ditto		ditto	... 1
Wm. Leman, esq., Halesworth,			ditto	... 4
Rev. Thomas Leman, Sudbrooke, Lincolnshire				 2
Robert Long, esq., Manor House, Dawlish, Devon, and Crescent, Cheltenham				 2
Mrs. Long, ditto	ditto			 2
Mrs. Laurence, Stoke Newington, near London				 1
Miss Loder, Bath				 1
Miss Lucas, Gloucester				 1
D. Lloyd, esq., Halesworth, Suffolk				 1
Percy Lipyeatt, esq., Plantation Terrace, Dawlish				 2
Mrs. Lipyeatt,	ditto		ditto	 2
Percy Lipyeatt, esq., junior, ditto			ditto	 1
J. Lodge, esq.	ditto		ditto	 1
M. Langton, esq., 14, South Parade, Bath				 1
Mr. Lattin, 36, Daniel Street,	ditto			 3
D. Lyon, esq., Audit Office, London				 1
Francis Ledgard, esq., Mirfield, Yorkshire				 1
Captain Lawrence, 37, Russell Square, London				 2
Rev. H. F. Lyte, Brixham, Devon				

M.

Mrs. Mansfield, Morris Town, Lattin, Ireland		 1
George Mayhew, esq., Stradbroke, Suffolk		 1
Mrs. Georgina Mason, 1, Queen's Parade, Bath		 1
Miss Mason,	ditto ditto	 1

Miss May, Sea Lawn, Dawlish, Devon			1
Miss Mackay, Clifton			 1

N.

Miss Noyse, Lea Hall, Gainsborough			1
Mrs. Noel, Dawlish, Devon			 1

O.

John Owen, esq., Audit Office, London			1
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P.

Mr. Justice Patteson, 33, Bedford Square, London			5
James Powell, esq., Sealawn, Dawlish, Devon			2
Mrs. Powell, ditto ditto			2
P. Pindar, esq., Weston-lane, near Bath			2
Mrs. Pearce, Norfolk Buildings, Bath			1
Rev. Dr. Parry, D.D., Boston, Lincolnshire			2
Miss Provo, Norfolk Buildings, Bath			1
J. Pittman, esq., Wootton-under-edge, Gloucestershire			2
Mrs. Power, 61, Pulteney-street, Bath			1
—— Pennell, esq. Dawlish, Devon			1
Rev. J. D. Perkins, D.D., ditto ditto			1

R.

Mrs. Reynolds, 4, Keynsham Bank, Cheltenham			5
Miss Reynolds, ditto ditto			5
Miss Isabella Reynolds, ditto ditto			1
Miss E. Reynolds, ditto ditto			1
James Reynolds, esq., Windeford, Devon			1
Mrs. Reeve, Holton Hall, Halesworth, Suffolk			2
J. R. Reeve, esq., ditto ditto			2
Rev. W. Reeve, Beccles, Suffolk			1
Mrs. Randolph, Pulteney-street, Bath			1
Walter Raleigh, esq., Exeter, Devon			1
Mrs. Routh, Norwich			1
Mr. Roberts, Yoxford, Suffolk			1
Mr. Allen Ransome, ditto ditto			1
Mr. William Revans, ditto ditto		.. .	1

S.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Stradbroke, Henham Hall, Suffolk			4
W. Sammons, esq., Springfield-place, Bath			2
Mr. Shenstone, Cambridge-place, ditto			1

Rev. T. P. Slapp, Old Buckenham Lodge, Norfolk		10
A Friend, Norfolk		10
Rev. G. Sandby, Denton Lodge, near Bungay		1
Edward Sharpen, esq., Beccles, Suffolk		1
Miss Sharpen ditto ditto		1
Rev. J. B. Spooner, Blythor' Rectory, near Lincoln	...	1
Miss Smith, Newcastle		1
Col. Shuldham, Stanmoore, Middlesex	..	1
Miss E. G. Scott, St. Giles, Norwich		1
Mr. W. S. Smith, Downing College, Cambridge		1
Miss Sloper, Bath		1
Miss H. Sloper, ditto		1
Mrs. Smith, 13, Milsom-street, Bath		1
Mrs. Shute, Gloucester		1
Mrs. Admiral Schanks, Bartons, Dawlish		1
Mrs. S. Smith, Dawlish, Devon		1
Mrs. G. Smith ditto ditto		1
Mr. S. G. Smith, Dawlish, Devon		1
Dr. Spurgin, M.D., Guilford-street, London		1
Mrs. Spurgin, ditto, London	...	1
Rev. Thos. Sheriffe, Uggeshall, Suffolk		1
Mrs. Sheriffe, ditto, Suffolk		1
Miss Sheriffe, ditto, Suffolk		1
Rev. Thos. Sheriffe, jun., Henstead Hall, Suffolk		2
Mrs. Steele, Cheltenham		1
Mr. Seager, Shirehampton, near Cheltenham		1
Miss Seager, ditto ditto		1
Mrs. Shephard, near Andover, Somersetshire		1
John Stancliffe, esq., Overhall, Mirfield		1
Mr. Shepley, Mirfield		1
Mrs. Smear, Ipswich, Suffolk		1
Rev. Thos. Strong, St. Mary Clyst, Devon		1

T.

Lady Tuthill, Cransford Hall, Suffolk		6
Miss Trevillian, Bath		1
Rev. George Turner, Kettleborough, Suffolk		1
—— Thornhill, esq., Bristol	...	1
Samuel Taylor, esq., New Buckenham, Norfolk		1
Mr. Tripe, Bath		1
Col. Thompson, 11, Green Park Buildings, Bath		1

Miss H. Taylor, Knowle House, Mirfield, Yorkshire		2
Miss A. Taylor, ditto, Yorkshire		 2
Mrs. Taylor, Purlwell Hall, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire	...	1
J. C. Tozer, esq., Teignmouth, Devon		 2

U.

Rev. Henry Uthhoff, Huntingfield Rectory, Suffolk		4
Miss Uthhoff, ditto, Suffolk		 2
Miss Gertrude Uthhoff, 12, Green Park Buildings, Bath		1

V.

Lady Mallet Vaughan, Dawlish, Devon		 1
Miss Vigors, Dean-street, Bristol		 1

W.

Lady Watson, Sea Grove, Dawlish, and Pulteney-street, Bath		4
George Beazley De Woronzow, esq., Norfolk Crescent, Bath		2
Mrs. Watson, Southernhay, Exeter		 1
Frederick White, esq., Wellington, Somersetshire	...	1
Rev. S. M. Westhorp, Sibton, Suffolk		 1
Mr. Henry Westcott, 3, Charles-street, Bath		 1
Rev. W. White, Stradbroke, Suffolk		 1
Miss Woods, Leeds, Yorkshire		 1
Mrs. Wheatley, Cotewalls, Mirfield, Yorkshire		 1
Mrs. Chas. Wheatley, ditto ditto, Yorkshire		 1
Miss Wheatley, Woodland, Mirfield, Yorkshire		 2
Miss Waltham, Mirfield, Yorkshire		 1
Dr. Wilson, M.D., Yoxford, Suffolk		 1
George Wilson, esq., ditto, Suffolk		 1
J. Woods, esq., Darsham, near Yoxford		 1
A Lady, Teignmouth		 1

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